

The Craftsman

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September 1903

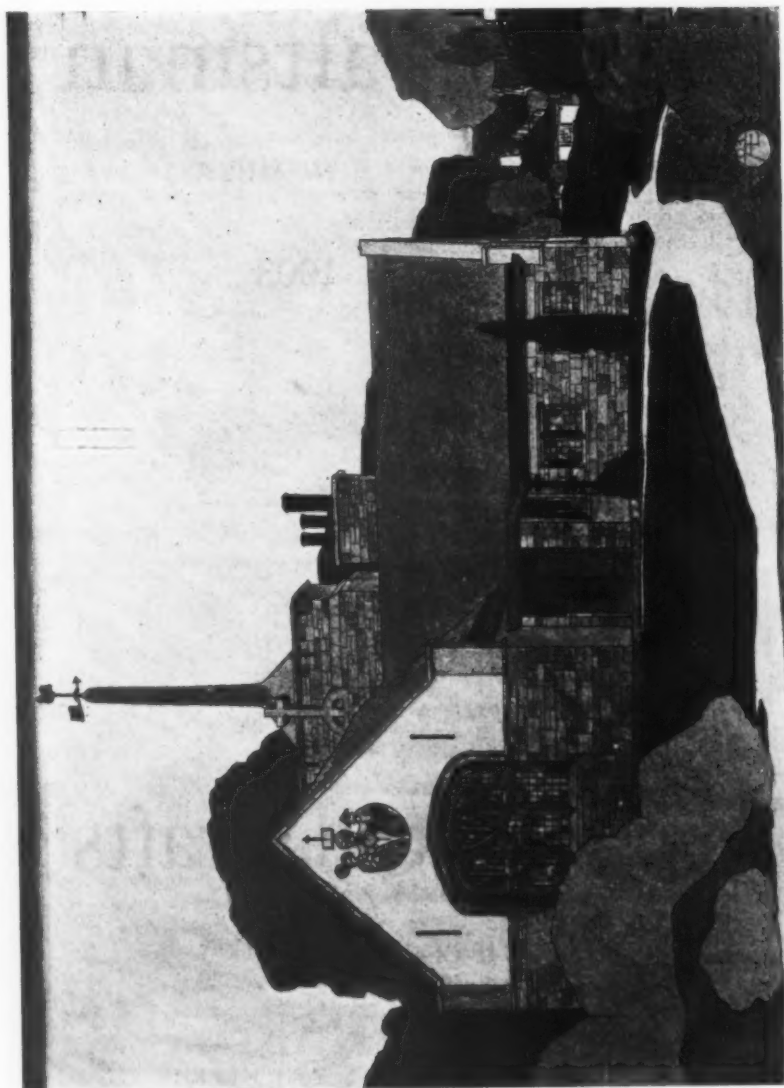


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Harvey Ellis

A Summer Chapel

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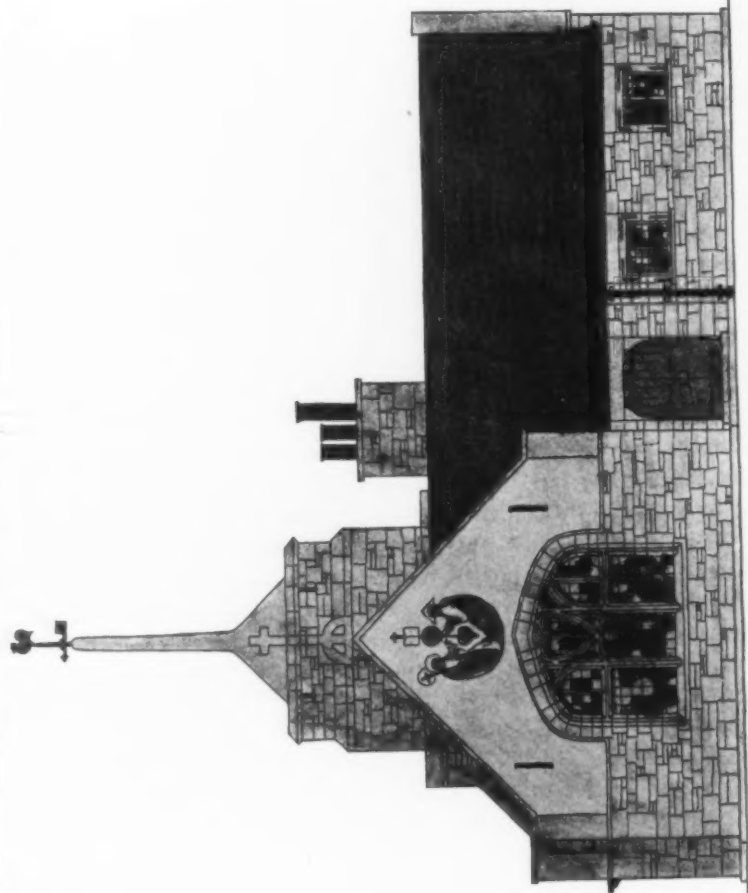
HARVEY ELLIS

IT is acknowledged that mental as well as physical needs change with the revolving seasons. In winter, the sense of circumscription is not irksome; it is then synonymous with that of protection. In summer, confinement of any nature becomes tyrannous. Every human impulse is then toward freedom and abundant life. It is as if the great armies of city population marching toward the conquest of things of matter, or things of mind, raised the common cry of "Thalassa," "Thalassa," like Xenophon's hosts at the sight of the sea.

To meet the immaterial wants of those who are temporarily released from the discipline of the strenuous life demands both skill and sympathy. Signs of such comprehension, of such adaptation of all externals to a prevailing mood and temper of mind exist in great numbers and are still multiplying along our coast-lines, our river banks, and at our mountain resorts. Domestic architecture in these places has been simplified and developed, just as a living organism undergoes evolution to fit it to a new environment. Church architecture is also developing on parallel lines a new species, distinctive, yet bound by no hard and fast rules; a style which shall minister to that aestheticism which is the hand-maid of the religious sense.

In accordance with this well-defined and now active movement, *The Craftsman* offers plans for A Summer Chapel, which may be erected in any village or spot possessing ordinary natural resources and facilities for construction.

The first essential of our structure, as it should always be in any place of worship, is to indicate plainly by its exterior features the character of the ritual followed within its walls. There is no better reason for an edifice consecrated to the Baptist form of worship to recall by its architecture an English cathedral, than for



West End

A Summer Chapel

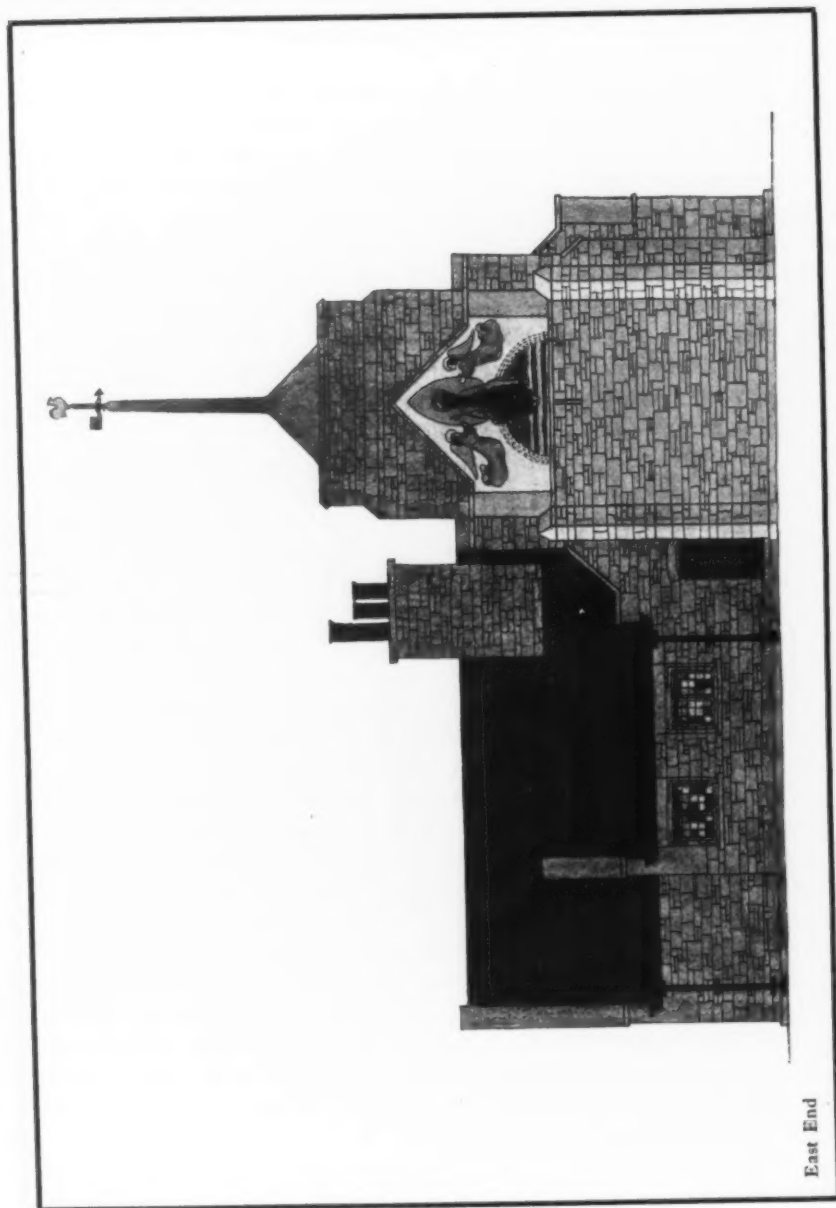
the services therein conducted to imitate those of the Anglican communion. The two contingencies are equally illogical.

Strict regard having been paid to these ideas of fitness, it becomes possible and even easy to conceive and execute a plan that shall conform in every detail to the required functions. Nor will it be difficult to obtain structural material that shall be at once convenient, economical and sightly. Indeed, the entire process of planning and construction appears so simple, so easy of accomplishment, so difficult to avoid, that the fantastic structures which everywhere masquerade as houses of worship are an unpleasant and inexplicable surprise to those who give even slight consideration to the subject of church building.

It must be confessed that for the existing evils two classes of individuals are equally responsible: namely, the Church authorities and the men in whom they put their trust; to speak more plainly the architects. But the latter are not wilfully in the wrong. They are incapable rather than perverse. They have academic training. They distinguish with nicety between twelfth and thirteenth century Gothic. They are critics of the profiles of classical moldings. To them an axis is a sacred thing. But they are so thoroughly "educated" that they can not approach a simple problem in an earnest, straightforward manner. With them the letter has killed the spirit.

It is this same influence of scholasticism which works so disastrously in domestic architecture, often making the house in front the artistic inferior of the barn in the rear; since the latter fulfils certain fixed requirements, while the former has been constructed with consideration for its exterior only, with the "arrangements" added as after-thoughts, as best they might be. The barn in its structural qualities fulfils the functions for which it was intended. It justifies its existence. It is not ashamed frankly to declare its uses to the passer-by. It should be the same with the church, whether it be of the monumental, or the chapel type, or yet again any intermediate member of the long series which runs between these two extremes.

The structure which we here illustrate is an ordinary place of worship to be built with a rigid regard for economy and with



East End

A Summer Chapel

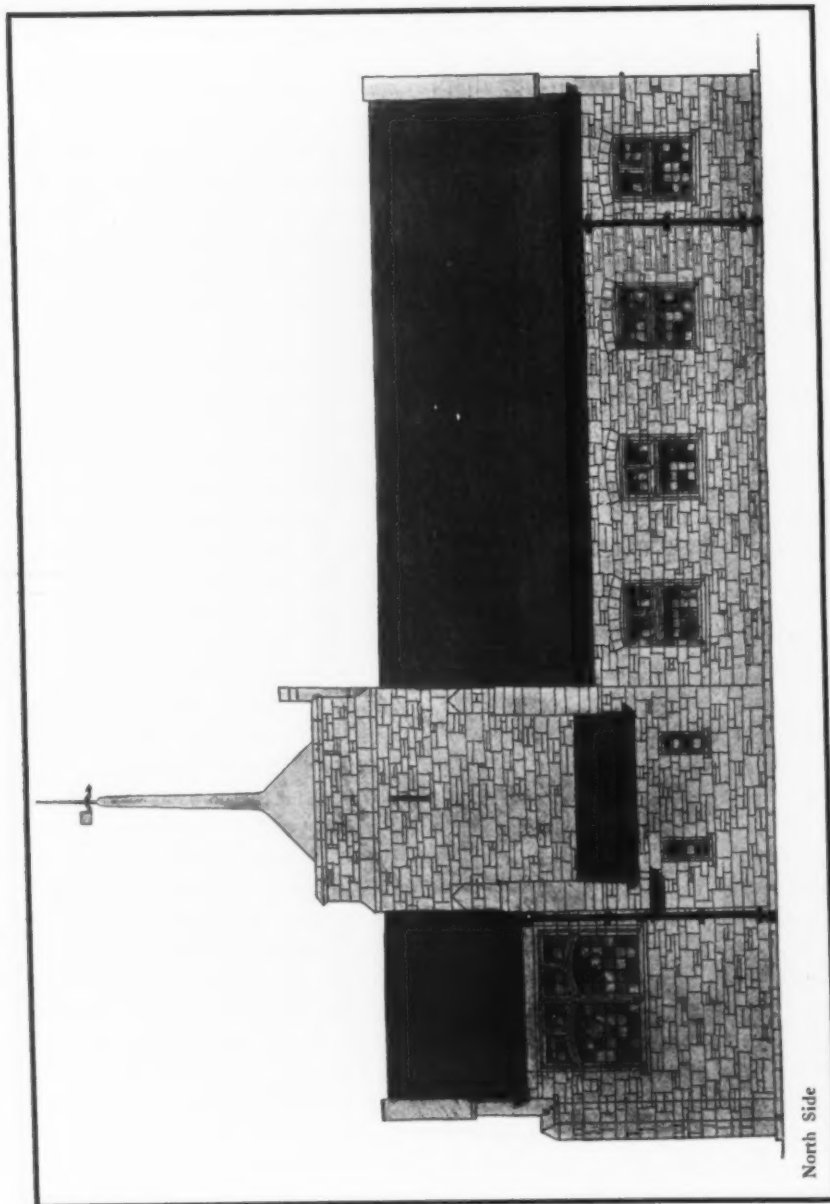
no attempt at ostentatious display. It is an Anglican church located at a place of summer resort.

The first problem here offered to the architect is how to meet the demands of the required form of worship, which, in this instance, is a combination of ceremonies and preaching. Therefore, the clergy must be afforded adequate space and facilities for conducting the ceremonies; while the laity must be provided with the means to see and to hear all that occurs within the sanctuary and choir.

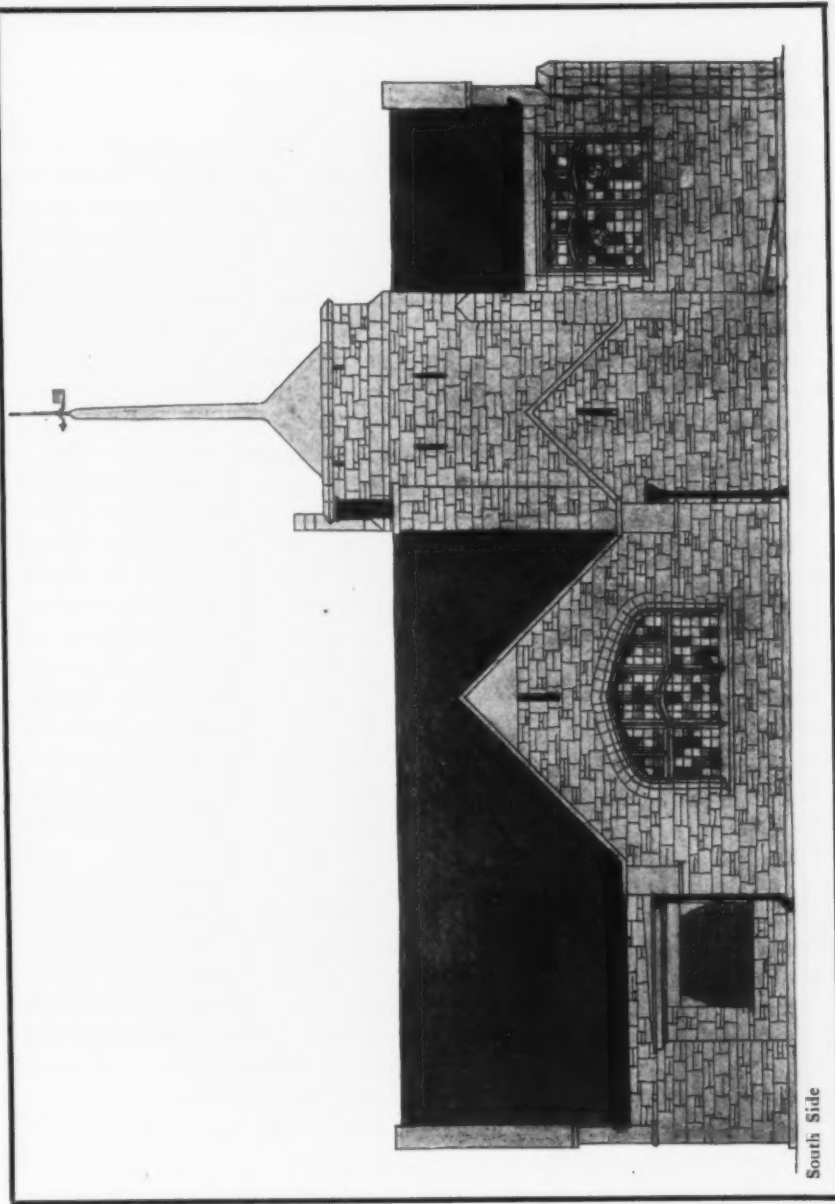
For a church of the character and style under consideration one hundred seventy-five sittings are sufficient; which reservation of area, together with the aisles and the space for the font would give for the body of the church, put into rectangular form, approximately twenty-eight by thirty-four feet; these proportions, taking one-half the width of the church for the width of the chancel, and making the latter as it should be, twice as deep as wide, gives us, inclusive of the rear wall of the tower, fourteen by thirty feet.

The church proper—nave and chancel,—being secured, the second important feature is the room for the Sunday School. This is not in direct communication with the body of the church and capable of being thrown into the same, as would be required in churches of some denominations. But it is of easy access from the main porch, from the vestry, and from the nave. Fulfilling the necessary conditions, it occupies the one place upon the plan which is open to it, and in accordance with the seating capacity of the church, it must not have less than the thirty by twenty-five feet of floor area. In addition, a Bible class room is placed directly at the rear of the superintendent's desk and at the same height as the platform. This arrangement leaves a space between the choir and the Sunday School which very properly divides itself into the vestry and the small sacristy or robing-room for the choir. It thus follows that unless useless expense be incurred, the only space for the organ remains at the north side of the choir. And this being larger than is demanded by an organ suitable for the church, a portion of the area is used as a means of access to the pulpit.

The font is located with regard for convenience and also for aesthetic reasons, while the places of the altar, choir, pulpit and



North Side



South Side

A Summer Chapel

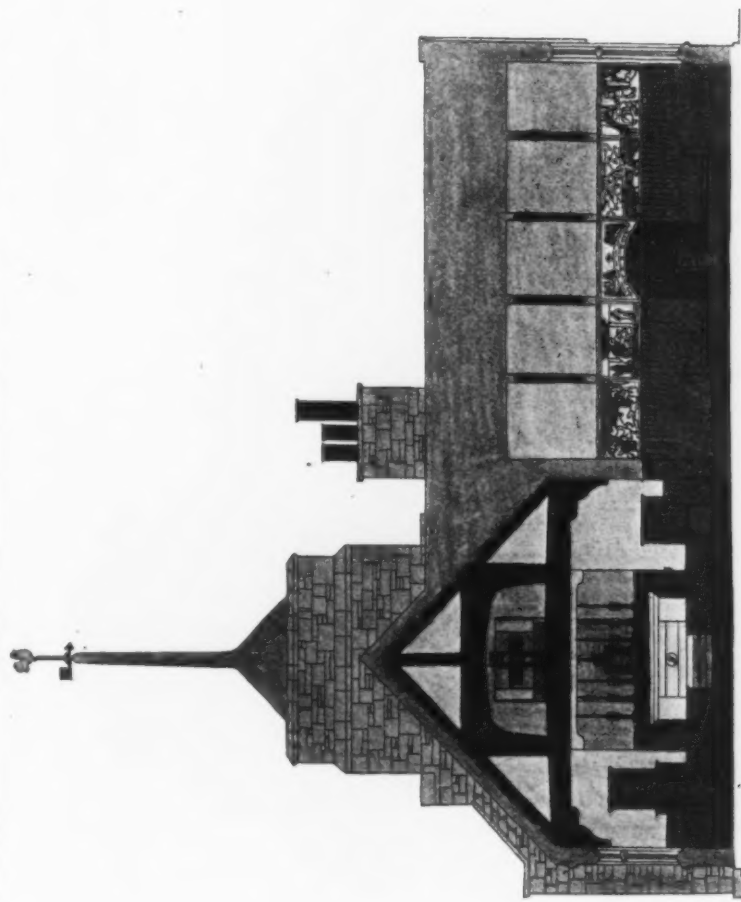
lectern being prescribed by the rubrics, do not call for detailed explanation.

The plan of the church being now fixed, we may pass on to consider the building materials. These also present themselves naturally, as at the ordinary summer resort, it is as easy to build in stone as in brick, with the added advantage of the avoidance of delay incident to the transportation by water or rail of the latter material. Consequent upon these reasons, the exterior walls of our church will be constructed of the local stone, built precisely like a cellar-wall, with no niceties of ornamental setting, but with the sole purpose of producing a perfectly plumb, substantial, well-bonded and craftsmanlike piece of work; the joints liberally pointed up and left frankly to show construction.

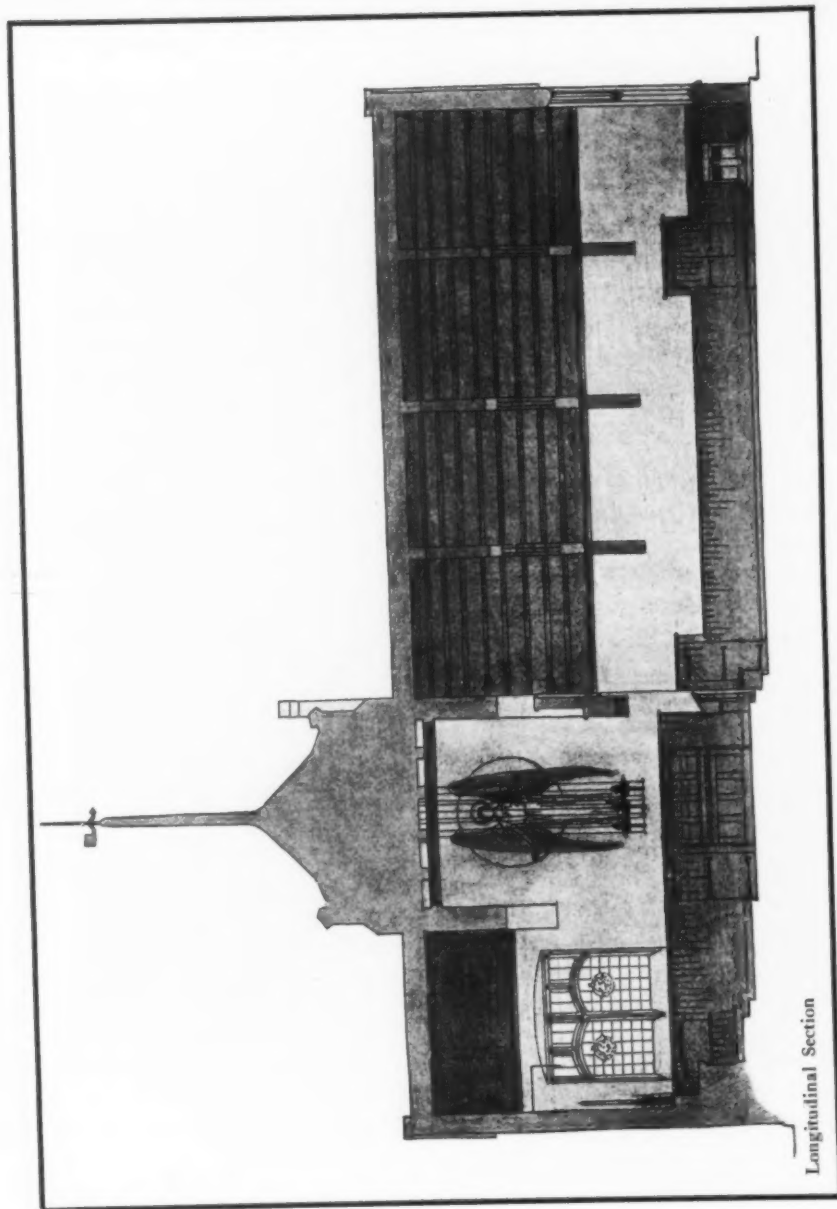
It will be observed that no attempt has been made at exterior decoration, save in the windows, which show a modification of Perpendicular Gothic, and in the gable spaces at East and West. Here symbolic ornament, indicative of the uses of the structure, is introduced in rough-cast cement work: the spaces being covered with the LaFarge cement of a creamy white tint, into which are inset, after the manner of mosaics, flat decorations in color: the subject of the West front being the Trinity, represented by ecclesiastic conventions; while the subject in the East shows the Supreme Being ruling the Cosmos. It must be added that this decoration, although very important as an aesthetic factor, is easily prepared by means of the full size drawings herewith presented, and can be executed by any stone-mason or plasterer.

The framework of the roof is to be covered with black slate, and the exterior metal work to be painted dark green, while the general effect of the exterior is left to time and the weather. The result, as evidenced by an inspection of the drawings is one of extreme simplicity, but withal dignified and obedient to tradition.

The interior of our church prolongs the note of simplicity struck by the exterior. Consequently, the strict rules of proportions for the height of nave and aisles formulated by certain enthusiasts have been disregarded: the nave has not been given an extreme height, and the side-walls have been carried up only far enough to admit an adequate degree of light, and to allow freely



Transverse Section



Longitudinal Section

A Summer Chapel

the exercise of the functions for which the church is intended. Owing to the same reasons, the trusses carrying the roofs are of the simplest pattern possible, and are designed solely with regard to the work which they are to perform.

From this interior ornamental and symbolic carvings in stone have been rigidly excluded; for while such might be desirable from the archeological point of view, considerations of economy have led to the use of modest plaster on furring, and of wainscoting, as is indicated by the sections and the perspective drawings.

The woodwork—wainscoting, trusses and benches—is of ash, stained in dark, rich green, while the floors throughout the building, save in the chancel and the vestibule, are also of ash, stained in dark orange brown.

The plaster, "left under the trowel," is washed with a slight coat of yellow shellac to a pale gold tint, which covers the walls of the nave and chancel, and extends to those of the Sunday School room.

All the windows are of extreme simplicity in design, with strongly accented leads enclosing "ripple" glass of a greenish amber tone; the chancel windows being distinguished from those of the nave by medallions containing the emblems of the Four Evangelists executed in dull tones of the traditional colors proper to each.

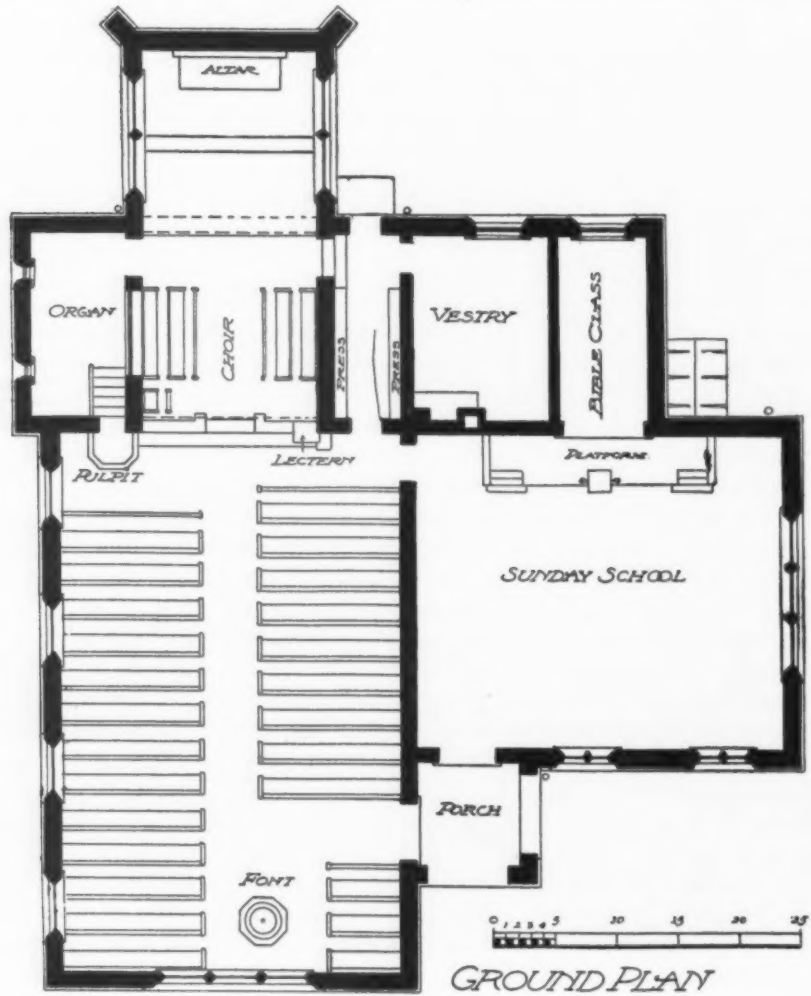
The floor of the chancel is of red and brown Roman brick, set on edge, and laid in cement conformably to the "herringbone pattern," with a border of blue stone; the latter material forming also the degrees or steps reaching to the sanctuary.

The altar is of white Vermont marble, without ornament except the sacred Constantinian monogram, which appears midway in the front and is wrought in glass mosaic. The retable or super-altar is of ash, stained a dark, strong peacock blue approaching green.

A focus of color is obtained in the reredos, which is here a canopy of tapestry, extending to a considerable length, as seen in the drawings, embroidered and showing old rose and gold, except where it is reversed at the top, when the color-scheme at the back is changed to gold and dull turquoise blue. A further accentua-

A Summer Chapel

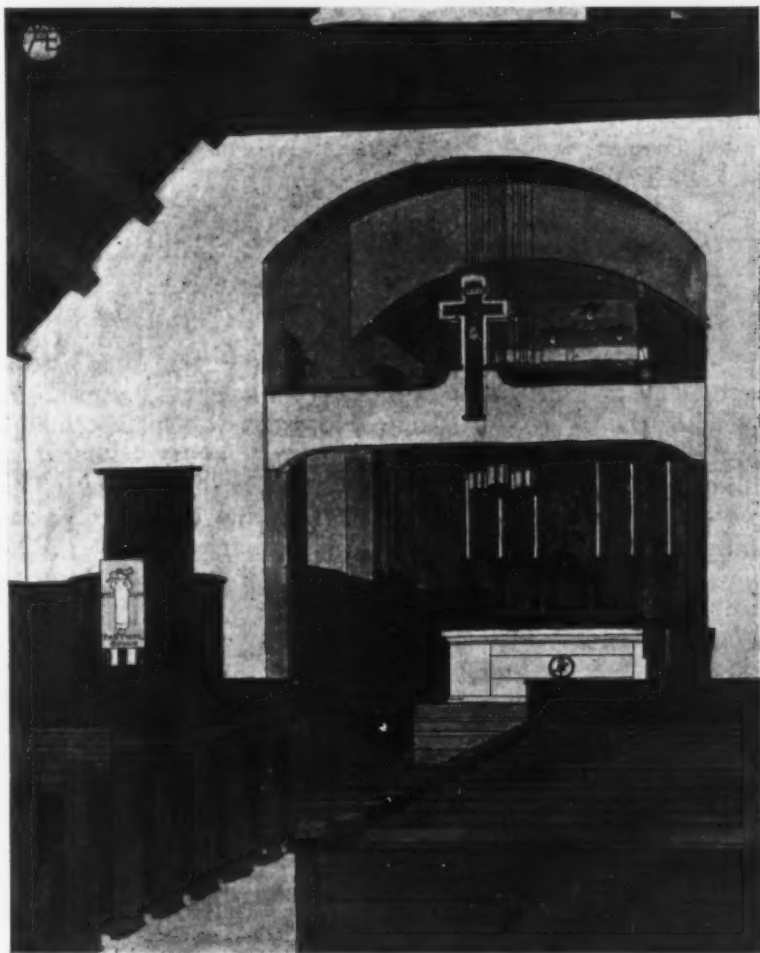
tion is afforded by the wrought-iron candlesticks with their waxen tapers, and the whole is projected against the expanse of yellow plaster, which is here given a fuller, richer, more golden hue, sug-



A Summer Chapel

gesting in some slight measure the background of the early basilica apses.

The chancel is separated from the nave by suggestion rather than reality: the division being marked by a Rood screen, sur-



A Summer Chapel

mounted by the Cross bearing in marble mosaic a symbolic, non-pictorial, conventional representation of the Crucifixion.

As will be observed, the opening from the chancel to the organ chamber is not, as is usually the case, filled by the organ face. On the contrary, it is frankly occupied by a wooden screen which permits the passage of sound, and does not violate the general harmony of the Church.

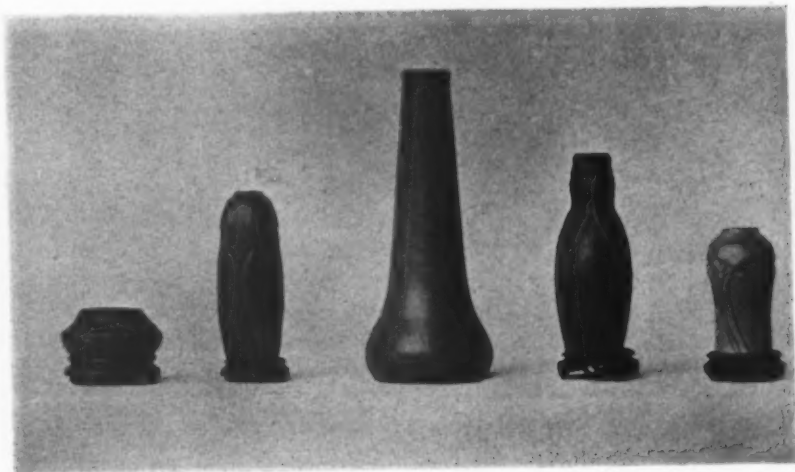
On the opposite side of the chancel, facing the organ screen, a conventional colossal figure of the Archangel Gabriel may be painted in matt tints. This decoration need not be a great additional cost to the structure, and if it be executed flatly and simply, it will enhance the mystical, sacred effect of the sanctuary.

The font at the end of the nave, opposite the altar and facing the entrance to the church, is constructed of molded brick, laid in cement. It is provided with a stationary pewter bowl as a receptacle for the consecrated water.

The Sunday School room demands no explanations further than those made for the body of the church, except that a word may be given to the tapestries. These occupy the wall space contained between the wainscoting and the roof trusses, and are executed according to methods previously given in *The Craftsman*. They represent such episodes from the Old and New Testaments as are usually taken as the subjects of elementary Sunday lessons. They beside constitute a strong decorative factor which will go far toward securing and holding the attention of children.

Altogether our interior, simple and severe though it be, is found upon careful examination to respond to that most imperative of modern aesthetic demands: the love of color. The gold of the New Jerusalem is suggested in the apse, and the chaste harmonies formed by the tones of woods, stones, and metals will find their counterparts in the chants and canticles of the Holy Place, rich yet simple, with their contrasted and well-balanced voices.





Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

IRENE SARGENT

CERTAIN of the leading American potters and potteries have already been treated in the pages of our magazine. And in almost every case, it is a singular, unmistakable and significant fact that the source of inspiration for the artist-ceramist has been the same. It is France that has furnished the germ-idea from which, in a characteristic, individual way each of these New World experimentalists has developed original results. The fact provides a means of rendering justice to a country and a people often misjudged or slighted, in an age when the brilliant, material successes of other races are liable to blind the judgment of even unprejudiced critics. The technical attainments to be acquired in the Parisian studio, or through the patient, long-continued study of the productions of French art have been possessed by each of the men and women whose labors and whose victories over adverse circumstance or obdurate material we have successively followed. In the cases indicated there has been no servile imitation of what is essentially foreign to America, as otherwise the results would not now be such as to warrant praise or even comment. The potters to whom reference is here made, have simply acknowledged the mastery over artistic laws, the acute appreciation of color, the delicate sense of proportion, the ingenuity of technical process which, peculiar to the French, can be studied as principles by experimentalists of other nations, with the purpose of reaching the permanent truths which underlie them. It can not be denied that under the guidance of France, the artists of America have advanced to the understanding of their own powers and to the development of a national school. It is not difficult to distinguish by results between inspiration and imitation; between a study, comprehension, and acceptance of truth and a childish copying of externals. Those students of French art who have not been able to seize the real import of the lesson set before them, have themselves alone to blame for their lack of permanent success. Such have placed in our streets and our houses inanimate copies of works suited to conditions of life and of nature other than our own. But the artistic evil which these Gallicized Americans have accomplished is slight in comparison with the good which

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

our architects, landscape-gardeners, sculptors and painters have derived from the intelligent study of the art of France, both historic and modern. Our greatest exemplars, Richardson, Saint Gaudens, LaFarge, Sargent, and Harrison show the influences of an art-culture older than our own, while they have maintained individual independence, and have contributed, each in large measure, toward the foundation of an American school.

From these and many other evidences we may learn that it is but bare and simple justice to do honor to the qualities of a nation toward whom ingratitude is not an uncommon sentiment, as it is also one that has been long so prevalent as to excite the comment of fair-minded historians and economic writers; since in the matter of political, social and financial principles the modern world is also debtor to the misjudged people whom twenty centuries ago Caesar described as unstable and "always meditating new things."

A point closely connected with our present subject may here be emphasized: that is, the question of the value of French training for the American art-student. It is now the tendency in our country to profess and proclaim what might almost be called the Monroe Doctrine in art; an exclusiveness which has no historical precedent and no foundation in equity. The followers of this idea certainly forget whence came the solid acquirements that gave coherent expression to the genius of the masters whom we have earlier enumerated; for these acquirements largely resulted from study in French schools or from contact with French work. The same censors would seem to believe that the Americans who have won distinction, received their gifts fully perfected from nature, and were from the first, above laws and rules. Artists who have attained smaller successes: those who have shown talent rather than genius, the censors regard as "cribbed, cabined and confined;" as having been deprived of that liberty which gives inspiration. Finally, the same critics find nothing but evil in a system which, they affirm, stifles originality and encourages direct imitation; ignoring that, in making these strictures, they, at the same time, condemn all great teaching bodies, and that it were as sensible to censure the universities and the technical schools

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

which send out yearly a percentage of students who have not been able to advance from the use of formulas to the thorough understanding and the free exercise of principles. The same as inventors, scientists and great authors are developed, not created, by hard and fast rules, so artists are not made, but simply aided by the instructions and counsels of the first technicians of the world. It is simpler and clearer to say that as all who study the sciences can not be Darwins and Ericssons, so every student of a Parisian studio can not be a Puvis de Chavannes. Nor does a counter-argument reside in the fact that many of the modern world-famous Frenchmen were and are those who revolted against tradition and precedent; for they were either produced by the prevailing system, or, if to a degree self-taught, they were yet matured in the same art-atmosphere which developed their more regular, more easily classified contemporaries. The truth also remains that those of our American artists and craftsmen who rise to distinction, will be found almost invariably to be debtors to France for training, or for blood, sometimes indeed uniting the two debts, as in the case of LaFarge and Saint Gaudens. In the lesser art with which we are now specially dealing, we find the influence and the traditions of France exceedingly strong, almost dominant; although in a manner which has left direction and development free to the individual, who, according to his talents and to circumstances, has turned his energies to objects and interests foreign to his first intentions. Thus in the case of Mr. Low, the Chelsea, Massachusetts, potter, we find a scenic painter transferring his natural tastes and his laboriously attained acquirements to an art-craft, through the exercise of which he built up a solid fame and fortune; his earlier years spent in the Parisian studios having given him the knowledge of form and color, the power to work and to appreciate, which were the basis and the assurance of his ultimate success. In the case of Miss McLaughlin, the decorator and technical potter, the first inspiration came from the contact with French work, while the desire to discover its secrets and to equal its qualities led to a series of experiments which received official recognition from France and formed an American ceramist of distinction, who, thus strengthened by experience, passed into

Chinese Pots and Modern Faience

original fields of investigation. A third case and one of present interest lies in the history of Mr. Van Briggie, a student of French painters, a connoisseur developed by familiarity with the art productions of the present time and the study of historic collections. Like Miss McLaughlin, he is an experimentalist, like her, an original worker, and, like her, he has made a distinct advance in that class of ceramics to which he has applied himself. His experience as related by himself is most interesting, while his visible results are fine and pleasing.

In distinction from Mr. Low and Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Van Briggie from youth to manhood worked in clay and at the various technical processes of pottery. But his choice of a profession and a life-work lay elsewhere. In 1893 he entered the Julian studio, Paris: that place which is dear almost to the point of sacredness to hundreds of American and other foreign students; which has become historic by reason of the great men who have taught within its walls, and which fiction has often delighted to choose as a background for the story of ambition or of love. Here Mr. Van Briggie worked for three years, with great energy and an unusual degree of success; preparing himself, as he believed, for the career of a portrait painter, and attracted also by mural painting, which may be regarded as the "great art" of our period. Still this degree of diligence did not preclude the continuance of the early interest felt by this student of painting in the technical processes of pottery. The Ceramic Museum of Sèvres, the Louvre, and other places of public instruction afforded him large opportunities for studying the Oriental wares, and he was led to concentrate his attention upon the dead glaze of the ancient Chinese pottery. As a result of much examination and thought, he reached the conclusion that in principle the modern highly vitrified and bright glazes were inartistic and that, through experiment, a partial return at least might be made to the soft dull surfaces of early Oriental fictiles, to reproduce which would be to restore a lost art.

The specimens bearing the glaze so admired by Mr. Van Briggie belong to a remote epoch whose limits can not be fixed with precision. They include those pieces coated with the enamel,

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

more or less opaque, known to connoisseurs as *céladon*, which varies from reddish gray to a sea green ranging from dark to light, and a dull blue of great charm. Within the same class of ceramic products are found the examples, offering the effect technically termed "crackle," which the old Chinese ceramists, sure of their methods, produced in any desired degree. These wares presenting a wide range of color-harmonies, naturally attract the artist and possess the keenest historical interest. They precede the age of true porcelain, if that composition be judged by the test of translucence, and the date of their earliest examples is fixed by a Chinese poet, who wrote in the second century before our era. As they developed, they received the name of *yao-pien*, or *transmutation*, which refers to the processes used in forming them: their paste composed of metallic substances being subjected to a greater or a less degree of heat, according to the purpose of the potter. Such effects almost precisely calculable by modern science, were managed by the ancient Chinese with an equal degree of certainty. These old potters not only recognized that metals change their state and appearance when combined with oxygen, but they fixed in units of this element the equivalents of the principal colors. For example, oxydized copper in fusion provides a fine red which the Chinese often threw in a mass over their vases, thus producing the tint which the French critics term *haricot*. With a larger quantity of oxygen, or a protoxyde, a fine green results which, by a further addition of the element, is susceptible of change into a sky blue. These various combinations may be suddenly effected in the kilns by means of bold and skilful manipulation. When a bright fire, exposed to a strong draught, produces a considerable body of flame, all the oxygen is not burned away, and a portion of it may combine with the metals in fusion. But if, on the contrary, thick smoke be admitted into the kiln, the carbonized flame, eager for oxygen, absorbs this element, destroys the oxydes and restores the metal to the first state. The draughts and the sooty vapors being admitted suddenly and simultaneously to the molten mass, the glaze thus subjected to conflicting agencies, assumes the most varied and picturesque coloration. It offers a surface rich in vein-like

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

ramifications of hues melting into one another, changeful, capricious and fascinating like the flames rising from a punch bowl; the red oxydized copper passes to pale blue through the intermediate color of violet, and, being strengthened by a further unit of the gas, changes into the green of the protoxyde; then volatilizing, it may leave certain projections of the mass completely white, or produce other equally pleasing "accidents." These methods practised by the ancient Chinese with that sure sense best described by the Italian word *bravura*, produced those highly prized "crackle" museum vases, in which we see one member of a pair showing a glaze largely red, while the remaining jar has a surface approaching blue, and thickly scattered over with red and lilac flamelets. To the same processes are due also figure pieces, still with the "crackle" surface, in which the flesh-tints disappear beneath green or blue draperies, as also the rare teapots shaped like peaches (these fruits being a symbol of long life), and having the base bluish, the body violet in varied shades, and the upper part of a vivid red.

Beside this glaze à *grand feu* (hard fire), Chinese ceramists invented other enamels produced by lesser degrees of heat, and resulting in turquoise blue and violet. These were not applied upon the crude paste simply dried, but rather upon pieces which had been previously fired. The fusion of these glazes occurs at a temperature much lower than the softening of the paste, and the glazes thus effected offer many beauties. The turquoise blue, a resultant from copper, preserves the purity of its hue when subjected to artificial light. It is soft and pleasing even in the most ancient vases of blackish paste, and shows almost invariably the "crackle" effect produced in great regularity. The violet obtained from the oxyde of manganese is pure and brilliant, with the sonority of the pansy, while differing from this special violet is another, intense, velvety and closely resembling the most precious Persian lapis lazuli.

Examples of these old wares in sufficient number, properly classified and well arranged for study, awakened the powers of investigation of the art-student whose history we are following. Such indeed was his enthusiasm that when, after three years of

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

study in Paris, he returned to America in 1896, he divided his time between his own studio, in which he exercised his regular profession as a portrait painter and mural designer, and the Rookwood Pottery, where he was employed as one of the decorative artists. Besides these labors, severe and constant enough to tax the strongest brain, he devoted the hours which rightfully belonged to his leisure or recreation to experiments in dead glazes: a work which gradually led to a change of profession on the part of the experimentalist; for in the measure that he attained success, the conviction gained upon him that he had more to express through the medium of clay and fire, than upon canvas, although his efforts as a painter, whether considered artistically or financially, were satisfactory for the time being, and promised greater future reward. A misfortune temporarily overwhelming, became the decisive agent in the intricate problem, providing a factor of success whose presence could not have been suspected among the unknown quantities of a great endeavor. As a result of over-anxious, unrelenting toil, Mr. Van Briggles fell ill, and was forced to abandon his Cincinnati studio that he might seek a restorative in the air of Colorado. To this mountainous region he removed in the spring of 1899, following which he passed months of enforced idleness. But when a measure of health returned to him in the winter next succeeding, he renewed his experiments; this time conducting them in the laboratory of Colorado College, in which he was invited to work by the faculty of that institution. There, during two years, exclusive of the summer months, he experimented in clay bodies and in glazes to associate with them; the earths being those native to that region. At the end of the period named, having practically satisfied himself in material and methods, he passed on to model vases and to produce his new ware in small quantities. In the spring of 1901 he was sufficiently advanced in his work to send perfected specimens to a celebrated European ceramist for criticism on purely technical grounds. The judgment passed by the critic was favorable to an unexpected degree and, as a consequence, a now important pottery sprang into existence. Another year passed with the ware remaining in what Mr. Van Briggles designates as a "secondary experimental

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

stage," but the autumn of 1902 brought a further success, since the first important shipment of pieces to the Eastern cities was followed by public notice from eminent art critics: several widely circulated magazines publishing illustrated articles upon the then recently developed faïence.

Of his success purchased at the sacrifice of the most valuable human possessions: energy, time, talent, strength and health, Mr. Van Briggie writes in a most inspiring way. His change of profession he does not apparently regret, as he regards his fourteen or fifteen years of hard study in drawing and painting as "a splendid and alluring bank account" to be drawn upon at will by the craftsman that he now is. His solicitude for artistic effect natural to his former profession he does not permit to dominate him, since he holds firmly to hard fire and finished pottery. With equal firmness he resists the temptation, peculiar to the potter, who, constantly playing against the chances of fire and those of a wheel as capricious as that of Fortune herself, is liable to lose self-control, to seek the fantastic and to become, as it were, a gambler in artistic effects. In leaving this portion of our subject it is well to add that few individuals come to their life-work with a preparation as careful, thorough, and well-advised as we are able to note in the case of Mr. Van Briggie, who is all that the word craftsman implies in its new and deep significance. He unites in himself the designer and the maker. He is able equally to conceive and to execute: to produce form, calculate color, employ technical process and fashion by manual labor. He has further the advantages of the closest companionship and sympathy in his work; his wife having also been a painter of promise, who abandoned her first profession to become a designer of vases; thus aiding to form an association like that of the Cobden-Sandersons, the noted husband and the equally noted wife, who, from separate regions of thought and action, came to unite themselves in a common life, simple, laborious and happy. It is therefore not irrelevant to our subject and purpose to indicate that these pairs of craftsmen so perfectly mated, mark a distinct age in the evolution of marriage and offer the highest hopes for the future of society.

The craftsman idea, as carried to its logical conclusion by

Chinese Pots and Modern Faience

Mr. Van Briggie, is sound, practical, and altogether free from extravagance. He does not work for the sake of working, but rather with the purpose of producing a beautiful and perfect ware; of understanding every detail of vase building, so that he may create and teach; in a word, that he may be the competent head and master of his enterprise. For his technical and chemical knowledge, as well as his dexterity of hand, he is indebted to the fifteen years' experience gained in the potteries of Cincinnati: owing to which long labors he is able, with a slight renewal of practice, to perform any of the twelve or more processes necessary to the completion of a piece. During the small beginnings of the enterprise Mr. Van Briggie worked with two assistants: the one a skilled "thrower," the other a boy of all work answering perfectly the description of "those sorry little scrubs" who served in the studios or *botteghe* of the old Italian masters. The three persons named accomplished at first the entire work of a complete pottery: from making molds and preparing bodies and glazes to operating the wheel and firing the kilns. But times have changed, and under the approbation of Eastern and European critics, the working force has increased to thirteen or fourteen individuals, Mr. Van Briggie remaining the director of every department and instructing his workmen daily, and point by point.

At present, each piece of pottery passes through many hands while it is in process of formation. The material of the ware is furnished by the fine clays in which Colorado abounds, the very name of the State suggesting the red earth constituting the soil. These clays are mixed according to established formulas; they are ground, sifted many times, and are then ready for use. The mixture is afterward turned upon the wheel, or else given directly to the decorator who, with his hands, presses it into the shape previously designed by Mr. Van Briggie. The modeling being completed, a mold is then usually made, in order to provide for reproduction. The clay pieces are next dried, this process being preparatory to the biscuit firing, which itself is the process immediately preceding the application of the glaze. A second firing follows, which is ordinarily sufficient to complete the ware, although not seldom the pieces are fired many times before the

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

desired effect can be obtained. The vase being finally completed and accepted as satisfactory, a number of reproductions are made, differing and varying from one another in color-effects alone: the repetition of a fine, slowly-developed model being regarded by Mr. Van Briggles as far preferable to the execution in each case of a new idea which often entails careless and inartistic work.

As to the decoration allowed upon this pottery, it may be characterized as structural. It has never the appearance of being applied and foreign. It emphasizes the lines and contours of the vase which it beautifies. It is not ornament for ornament's sake. Beauty resident outside the contour of the piece is provided in part by the glaze; great care being taken to insure an interesting surface, texture and color; the texture varying from a substance "fat" and velvet-like beneath the touch to something approaching a gloss, accented by crystalline or curdled effects and with color of almost infinite range and possibilities. The satisfying decorative element of color observed in this pottery is further enhanced by modeling consisting largely of *motifs* adapted from plant or floral forms, sometimes from the animal kingdom, and more rarely still from the human figure; the aim of the decorator being usually to conventionalize, sometimes to imitate to the point of realism, least often to suggest and to "simplify" in the scientific meaning of the term, with the whole executed in low relief.

A word remains to be said of the forms of the new faïences which have so recently risen to fame. It must be conceded that, like the material of which they are composed, they show evidences of their genesis from intense study, refinement of thought, and perfect acquaintance with the best types. They are intensely modern. The obscured contour of many an antique model, classical or Oriental, shows through the body of these interesting vases, as a gleam of the old and splendid thoughts of long past ages often illuminates the words of the student to-day. They would seem to have been generated according to methods which obtain in the most advanced schools of design, such, for instance, as the system governing the use of the plant in decoration. For these shapes an idea, sometimes borrowed from the legacy of the past, sometimes purely constructive, becomes the basis of a long series of experi-

Chinese Pots and Modern Faïence

ments. The figure is drawn and re-drawn until something fulfilling all structural and aesthetic requirements is evolved. In ornament a parallel process would be the acceptance of some detail of a floral form—such, for instance, as a calyx, corolla, pistil or stamen—for a working basis from which slowly to develop a decorative *motif*. In the Van Briggles vases the results of such study are seen in the elongated height, the subtlety of swell, the placing of the handles upon the *amphorae* and in many obscurer details; so that in reviewing a representative collection of these pieces one sees also, but as in distant vision, a line of their shadowy prototypes: the fictile wares of Indian, Persian, Assyrian and Chinese, sometimes simply offered, more often in composite form. It is difficult indeed to resist or renounce the charm of these new creations. One returns to them again and again with undiminished pleasure. Laboriously brought forth, they have met the just reward of sincere, single-hearted, practical and instructed effort, since they have been recognized as the full equals of the standard European productions, by the highest art tribunal of the world.



Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

A Reply to Ernest Crosby

SAMUEL TANNENBAUM

BOTH external and internal evidence lead us to the inference that "Cymbeline" was written about the years 1609-10, one or two years before the poet's retirement from the stage to his country residence at Stratford-on-Avon. It is possible and even highly probable, that this play, as well as one or two others, was written in the luxuriously furnished apartments of New Place, the finest house in Stratford. Written as this play was, at a time when the poet was rich enough to retire from active theatrical work and to devote himself to a life of ease and luxury in which his "aristocratic prejudices"—if he had any—would find ample opportunity for developing, it is especially calculated to betray such caste prejudices as he may have fostered.

The plot of "Cymbeline" is based on a few facts from Holinshed and the story of Bernabo Lomellin, merchant, in Boccaccio's *Decamerone*; the play is a tragic-comic dramatization of Boccaccio's tale with an historical setting and a beautiful romantic background of country scenes, with the addition of some romantic incidents. Instead of the merchants of the tale the *dramatis personae* of the play are:—Cymbeline, King of Britain; his Queen; the Princess Imogen; the Prince Cloten; Posthumus Leonatus, who takes the place of Lomellin; Lord Iachimo, who takes the place of "the young merchant of Piacenza, Ambrogio"; and Courtiers. The elevation of the social status of the characters seems to confirm the charge that "Shakespeare was unable to conceive of any situation rising to the dignity of tragedy in other than royal and ducal circles."¹ It is said that he does not treat of the triumphs of the common people, and that he does not make anything of people of humble origin. "His opinion of them (i. e. the common people) is indicated more or less picturesquely by the names which he selects for them."² Mr. Crosby complains that he cannot find any instances in Shakespeare's works of "serious and estimable behaviour on the part of individuals representing the lower classes, or of considerate treatment of them on the part of their 'betters.'"³ The hero of the play now under

¹Ernest Crosby, "Shakespeare's Working Classes," *The Craftsman*, April, 1903, p. 35. ²*Ibid.* p. 37. ³*Ibid.* p. 43.

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

consideration in himself gives the lie to these statements. His name—Posthumus Leonatus—is as high sounding and picturesque as that borne by any Shakespearean "noble" hero; his "common" origin is amply attested by almost all the characters in the play, friend and foe alike. The 1st Gentleman describes him as "a poor but worthy gentleman" (I. I, 7). Later he says of him:

He. is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he."

How highly Posthumus is esteemed at the Court appears from the fact that not a single nobleman has a word to say against him or his marriage with the Princess. As to his ancestry we have the following dialogue:

- 2 Gent. What's his name and birth?
1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus. (I. I, 119-120)

Here we have an example of an obscure and humble family raised to eminence by the King for glorious military achievements. The King further showed his appreciation of this humble family by taking the orphan Posthumus to his protection, "made him of his bed-chamber, and put to him all the learnings that his time could make him the receiver of."

Posthumus tells Imogen:

I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss. (I. I, 119-120)

Cymbeline, drawn by the treacherous Queen to the scene of parting between the lovers, exclaims:

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest!

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

When Imogen protests that she had chosen an eagle and did avoid a puttock, the King tells her:

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Cloten speaks of him as "this fellow," and Iachimo describes him as "a beggar without less quality," although he knows him only by report. Cloten, in his wooing of Imogen, gives utterance to the most vigorous expression of Posthumus' common origin:

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent. (II. 3, 112-123)

It is true that Cloten is jealous of Posthumus and hates him heartily; and we must not place too much reliance on his words; and yet his are the very sentiments which an aristocratic nobleman would entertain concerning the marriage between Posthumus and Imogen. Surely no one can claim Cloten for the poet's mouth-piece! The mere fact that the poet has created a "low" Posthumus, married him to a Princess, and approved of the match, is sufficient proof of his indifference to conventional social distinctions.

That Imogen is conscious of the unusualness of her conduct and of her husband's social inferiority is evident from what she says in III. 4, 87-92:

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness.

We may be sure that Cloten's opinion, expressed in the following words, does not lack second:

Throwing favors on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
That what's else rare is chok'd. (III. 5, 75-77)

In another part of the same scene he inquires of Pisanio

Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn. (III. 5, 87-89)

He always speaks of his successful rival as "that beggar Posthumus," "thou villain Posthumus," "rascal," "villain" (in the feudal sense), and speaks of himself as being "above him in birth".

The testimony of the conscience stricken Iachimo on this point is of great importance, inasmuch as it is based on general report and (probably) on information given by Philario, the friend of Posthumus' father. After his defeat in battle in a hand to hand combat, in which he recognized his foe to be the injured Posthumus, Iachimo says:—

Could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn,
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. (V. 2, 4-10)

Posthumus has never been knighted, and he is not included among the "gentry."

Imogen knows that it is the disparity in their ranks which causes her father's opposition to her alliance with Posthumus:

Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

When she encounters the mountaineers in Wales, she longs to have been born their sister, that she might be "more equal ballasting" to Posthumus. From Iachimo and Imogen we learn that Posthumus is living in exile on an allowance sent him by Imogen:

To be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! (1. 6, 120-122)

From all these considerations it is perfectly evident that Posthumus is a son of the respectable middle class, and that the poet spared no pains to impress this fact on his audience. There was dramatic necessity for a Posthumus of humble origin. Custom and the rule of the realm had decreed that the crown of Britain must be worn by a son of the royal blood. To Cymbeline a respect and reverence for "degree" are of paramount importance in the stability of the commonwealth; without that social order is impossible. In v. 5 not even the royal pardon and the gratitude of the entire nation can save the life of one who has slain his "better." The Queen, intriguing to place the crown on her son's head, works upon these settled convictions of the old King, and thus brings about the banishment of her son's rival. She could not have accomplished this had Posthumus been of noble blood. That his daughter should "have put into contempt the suits of princely fellows," and that his throne should become a seat for baseness are beyond his comprehension and not tolerable. For the best interests of the state Imogen must be ordered into confinement and Posthumus must be banished.

For the proper working out of the main plot Posthumus had to be at a distance from his wife and had subsequently to join the Roman forces. This was effected by his banishment. But there was another reason for the creation of a Posthumus who should spring from the common people, and a very important reason it was. Once the marriage of Posthumus and Imogen had been consummated, the Queen's plans were bound to fail, and the dramatist would have had no need for a Cloten, and there would have been no tragic sub-action, no slaughter of Cloten, no conscience stricken Queen. But the great social disparity between

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

the lovers gives the Queen hope of bringing about an annulment of the marriage; she could easily convince the King that such a marriage was not valid, "though it be allowed in meaner parties to knit their souls on whom there is no more dependency but brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot." This then gives scope for their being and machinations.

The poet's "caste prejudices" were evidently not sufficiently deep-rooted to prevent his creation of an ideal woman of rank who sets social usages at defiance and allies herself with one of her father's dependents; nor did it stand in the way of his creating a "low" Posthumus who

liv'd in court—

Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. (I. I, 46-50)

What the courtiers and nobles think of the "villain" Posthumus and his marriage with the "heir of the kingdom" is indicated in the passages as already quoted beside the following The 1st Gentleman, speaking of the marriage to a stranger at the court, says:

not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at. (I. I, 12-15)

This same gentleman, if we may judge from his eulogy of the hero, does not believe that all worth is the exclusive due of members of the upper class, or that a person of obscure origin must necessarily be unworthy and an object of contempt. Judging from the eulogies of Posthumus in the mouths of other lords and gentlemen, we may be sure that Imogen is not alone in her opinion that "he is a man worth any woman," and that he would have "added a lustre" to the throne of Britain.

Posthumus' reputation for valor and accomplishments has preceded him abroad. Iachimo says of him that "he was expected to prove so worthy as he hath been allowed the name of."

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Philario, who has never met him, tells us that he is completely "furnished . . . both within and without."

Having seen how the poet has exalted the son of a mere soldier, "a beggar," let us proceed to examine his portrait of Prince Cloten. Cloten was not the son of Cymbeline, but he was none the less "a prince." Cloten and Posthumus! What a contrast in their very names!—the one earthy, the other lion-born. The poet's "servile worship of nobility and royalty" did not prevent him from showing up a prince as a most despicable and contemptible lout. Not a single courtier has a good word to say of him. The 1st Gentleman describes him as "a thing too bad for bad report." Imogen terms him "a puttock." Two entire scenes (1.2 and 11.1) are devoted to lampooning Cloten and disclosing his profound asininity. He is painted as a perfect fool, a contemptible coward and debauchee—a portraiture not well calculated to take the fancy of the young gallants who sat lounging on the stage. We may remark here that the lords who flatter and ridicule Cloten are not the gentlemen who sang the praises of Posthumus in previous scenes.

In 1.2 we learn from a lord that a "rank scent" was not invariably associated with the many in the poet's mind, but occasionally characterized one of the nobility. After Cloten's assault on Posthumus the 1st Lord advises him "to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent." In 11.1 this "son of a King" is shown to be a hot headed and reckless gambler of uncontrollable temper who regards his "inferiors" with the utmost contempt. The mere emptiness and hollowness of conventional social distinctions are well brought out in this scene, and show better than volumes of commentaries how meaningless and worthless Shakespeare thought them. The following dialogue speaks for itself:

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2d Lord. No, my lord; (Aside) nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2d Lord. (Aside) To have smelt like a fool.

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth. A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me because of the Queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.....

2d Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offense to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offense to my inferiors.

2d Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

When Cloten is informed of the arrival of a friend of Posthumus, who, according to Cloten, must also be "a rascal" (in the feudal sense), he inquires:

Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2d Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

There cannot be the least doubt that in these scenes the poet is satirizing the follies of the nobility of his time and their conventional code of honor. They indicate anything but a worship of the nobility.

In other parts of the play Cloten is described as an "ass," one who "cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, and leave eighteen," and as a "wooer more hateful than the foul expulsion is of thy dear husband, than that horrid act of the divorce he'd make." In 11.3 Cloten is seen after a night spent in gambling, during which he was systematically robbed by their lordships, resolved on harassing the Princess with his unholy suit. The result is not exactly what he desired, but the scene serves to present him as a stupid, vain, and wofully conceited booby, and to prepare us for his tragic fate. How Cloten is regarded by the court servants is clearly indicated in the interview between him and Imogen's lady-in-waiting. After he has greeted Imogen, and in reply to her very plain declaration of her hate for him, he takes her to task for her lack of filial duty and proceeds to convince her that the contract which she pretends "with that base wretch is no contract, none," she vents this speech on him:

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more

But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

How the groundlings must have applauded that speech! In the Princess' contempt for high birth without other merit, and her worship of true worth in a person of low birth, the audience, nobles and commons, saw no reverence for aristocracy on the part of the dramatist.

In the scene in which the King gives audience to the Roman ambassador, Cloten comes nearer to showing his vulgarity and stupidity than in any other scene. He presumes to advise the King and to speak in his behalf, unasked, without having the faintest conception of the consequences of the policy that he is advocating. The statesmanship exhibited in this scene is not calculated to inspire the common people with a worship of royalty.

Cloten's last appearance in the play is employed by the poet to bring out all the salient points in his character. Poor Cloten! He thinks that his name and rank are symbols to conjure with and command; but they prove traitors to him and contribute to his undoing. The interview between him and Guiderius so admirably discloses the poet's conception of true dignity and honor and the utter meaninglessness of its merely conventional congener as determined by arbitrary social laws that it merits being quoted at length.

Clo. What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

- Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief!
- Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
- Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
- Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes
Which, as it seems, make thee.
- Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
- Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool:
I am loath to beat thee.
- Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble!
- Gui. What's thy name?
- Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
- Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.
- Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the Queen.
- Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
- Clo. Art not afeard?
- Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
- Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer! (Exeunt fighting)

Thus far, we have seen nothing that could be interpreted as the poet's tribute to nobility. Let us proceed to examine the

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

passages in this play which seem to support the statements of those who regard the poet "as the parasite of the rich and lordly."

Wilkes bases his arraignment of the poet on certain passages in III.4, and III.6, and V. 1. In III.3 the two Princes mildly protest against the uninterrupted tenor of their simple mountain life, and this provokes the following speech of admiration from their supposed father:

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the King;
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out. . . .
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words.

Wilkes¹ says that in this speech Shakespeare "inculcates upon the British mind the innate and instinctive royalty of kings." But we believe that there is both dramatic and moral necessity for the exaltation of the characters of the Princes. Polydore is to succeed his weak and impotent father as King of Britain; our knowledge of the corruption of Cymbeline's court makes us tremble for the safety of the nation, and our artistic instinct requires us to know that his successor will be a wise, noble, upright and strong man, one endowed with all the king-becoming graces which the present incumbent of the throne lacks. We must also bear in mind that one of these boys is to punish the persecutor of their sister; that they, together with Posthumus, are to save Britain from the ruinous consequences of the policy forced upon Cymbeline by his wicked Queen and her foolish son.

The picture of the ideal dignity and nobility of the Princes brought up in the forest, contrasts beautifully with the licentiousness and villainy of the court. Its conception was undoubtedly

¹ Shakespeare From An American Point of View, p. 337

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

due to the poet's love of the country and life in the forest. He delighted in portraying villainy dwelling in the court and honesty driven into the forest.

Another and a very important consideration makes this picture of true nobility of nature in persons of noble birth necessary. The banishment of Posthumus, the beginning of all the woes of the lovers, is due to the great inequality in their rank. Once this matter of differences in social rank as a dramatic motive occurs to the dramatist, he characteristically probes into the very heart of the matter, and embodies the results of his investigations in the portrayal of persons of different social rank. Accordingly we find among the *dramatis personae* of this play a King lacking in royalty and holding his exalted office only because of the accident of birth; a prince too bad for bad report; a Queen, a "crafty devil;" lords who are cowards, time-servers and villains; an Italian knight, a roué and diabolical fiend. These personages, and others of their kind, know only two classes of men—nobles and villains; to them the marriage between a Cloten and an Imogen would be a highly desirable union, whereas an alliance in matrimony between a Posthumus and an Imogen would be an evidence of vileness. But Shakespeare did not believe that all noblemen were as those just mentioned; he knew that truly noble men and women could be found among the nobility as well as among the lower classes; that if the sons of noble parents were properly reared, away from the evil influences to which their station exposed them, they would be an honor to the nation. It was for art's sake as well as for truth's sake that he created a Polydore and an Arviragus. He would have been unworthy of his calling and his genius had he not done so.

But true nobility and manhood do not abide alone in the mountain recesses of Wales, nor only among those of gentle birth. The "low Posthumus" and his servant Pisanio are ideal types of manhood, notwithstanding their obscure origin.

Wilkes¹ selects the following passage to illustrate Shakespeare's servility to lordship:

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle

¹ Wilkes, p. 110

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encha'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. (IV. 2, 170-181)

In reply to this it is only necessary to quote Hudson's comment on this very passage: "The old man, glorious in his humility, imputes to their royal blood the high and heroic thoughts which his own great and childlike spirit has breathed into them." The words are very appropriate in Belarius' mouth, but do not express the poet's opinion. The banished Belarius was too true a patriot, in spite of his great crime, to permit his wards to grow to seed, and with the hope that some day he would return to his beloved Britain and restore the Princes their birthright, he devoted the times between huntings to inculcate grand and noble lessons in them and to impart to them the practical wisdom he had acquired from his experiences at the court of Cymbeline. The devout religious spirit in Belarius is an important element in his character, and must not be overlooked in this connection.

When the Princes are about to bury the narcotized Imogen, the beheaded Cloten being entirely forgotten by them, Belarius thus admonishes the lads:

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince. (IV.2, 243-251)

Wilkes¹ comments on this passage thus: "These expressions of

¹ Wilkes, p. 341

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

groveling homage to mere rank in the mouth of a worthy character like Belarius, invested as that rank was in the body of an utter beast and ruffian, as the speaker knew Cloten to be, show an extent of base cringing and moral abasement to mere worldly station, as contrasted with the respect due that 'pale primrose and azured hare-bell, pure Fidele,' which is absolutely painful. It is the very worst and lowest specimen of the abjectness of royal worship that has yet appeared to us in Shakespeare, and so shocks our better sentiments that we can hardly refrain from hoping, in excuse, that the poet was well paid for it." It is difficult to be patient with such criticisms and with such tender sentiments. In the first place we wish to correct his (voluntary or involuntary) misstatement of facts. He says that "the boys are about to bury Imogen on terms of equality with the beheaded prince," and that this provokes the old man's servile speech. Any one reading the scene will note that there were no such thoughts in the boys' minds; that as a matter of fact they were not going to bury Cloten at all, and had completely forgotten him; that Belarius saw here an opportunity of teaching the boys another lesson—magnanimity to a conquered foe; that he demanded merely his burial, without saying anything as to how he was to be buried; that Cloten was not interred with the same obsequies as Fidele; that prudence required that the decapitated Cloten should not be left on the highway. That Belarius is not giving expression to the poet's thoughts in this speech any more than in any other speech in the play, is evident from the fact that he speaks as though Cloten were of higher rank than Fidele, whereas the poet knew that Fidele was the Princess Imogen. The sentiments expressed in 11.246-249 are true and honor the poet, as well as the character who expresses them. Shakespeare was convinced of their truth and has given expressions to them also in other plays, e. g. *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Tempest*. It must also be borne in mind that Belarius did not "know Cloten to be an utter beast and ruffian." The imputation that Shakespeare wrote for hire at any time, and especially when he was wealthy enough to retire, is too absurd to be seriously entertained. As to the implied superiority of a princely corpse over another we have the statement of Guiderius

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

that "Thersites' body is as good as Ajax', when neither are alive," which may as well be Shakespeare's own opinion as any other opinion the critics may wish to force upon him. There is nothing in this scene or in the action of the entire play to indicate that the dramatist believed that "Princes are a model, which heaven makes like to itself."

Shakespeare's positive preference for the common people and his high estimation of them are manifested in many passages in the play besides the portrayal of such characters as Posthumus and Pisanio.

In 1.1, Imogen expresses the longing

Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

In 1.6, she reflects on how

Most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious (i. e. for glory): blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

When she has been misdirected in the forest, Imogen wonders

Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. (111.6, 9-14)

When Arviragus addresses her as "brother" she says:

So (i. e. brothers) man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. (IV. 2, 3-5)

In V. 2, the defeated Iachimo confesses that

Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Concerning wealth we have the following sentiment from Arviragus, when Imogen offers to pay for her food:

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods. (III.6, 54-56)

There is nothing in any of the above passages to indicate anything but the highest respect for the life of the lowly with their honest wills, and a contempt for merely nominal dignities and honors.

Of courtiers and life at the court the poet has a great deal to say in this play, and all unfavorable and in way of censure. Belarius, always moralizing, tells the boys, as they are about to set out in pursuit of game:

Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours. (III.3, 11-28)

Rebuking them for their dissatisfaction with the life they lead, he says:

Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

I' the name of fame and honor; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure: (III.3, 45-55)
We will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. (III.3, 77-78)

If Rosalind's playful remark concerning Phoebe's hand merits Mr. Crosby's "No one with a high respect for housewifery could have written that line," the passages just quoted would justify us in concluding that the author of them despised and loathed courts and courtiers, and thought them the vilest creatures living. All things considered we wonder at the poet's fearlessness in his dark portrait of court life. We might almost think that the poet meant to tell us that "there's no motion that tends to vice in man but is is the 'noble's' part: be it lying, flattering, deceiving, lust and rank thoughts, revenges, ambitions, covetings, cowardice, etc., all faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows, are his."

Posthumus on finding a book by his side exclaims:

A book! O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. (V.4, 133-137)

When he wakes from his sleep he says:

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. (V.4, 127-129)

Notwithstanding all this Shakespeare is charged with "discriminating against a common person in favor of a lord," of "despising the common people," of not having a single good word to say for them, of not crediting them with courage, honor, etc. "Cymbeline" is in itself sufficient to disprove these charges, to prove their authors guilty of the most flagrant and wanton disregard of the truth and distortion of the evidence in their possession. As bearing on these topics we shall only refer to what

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

has been said in the preceding pages and to the following passages. Speaking of the impending war with Rome, Posthumus says,

Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world. (II.4, 20-26)

Cymbeline has this to say on the subject of paying tribute to Rome:

Caesar's ambition
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. . . . I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Caesar shall not find them. Our subjects
Will not endure his yoke: and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike. (III.1, 2, & 5)

Other reflections bearing on the same point are the following:

Plenty of peace breeds cowards; hardiness e'er
Of hardiness is mother. (III.6, 21-22)
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report! (IV.2, 33-34)

The only passages in this play which lend themselves to the support of those who claim that Shakespeare attributes cowardice to the common people are those dealing with Posthumus, who, having donned the "silly habits" of "a Britain peasant," in a resolve to die fighting for his country says:

Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits show.
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. (V. I, 29-33)

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Belarius thus comments on Posthumus' conduct in the battle:

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks. (V.5, 7-10)

But this argument is very easily disposed of, and on close examination proves a boomerang which returns to plague its inventor. They would have us infer from the above passages that Shakespeare did not associate valor with a mean exterior; whereas he actually makes a mean man in mean habits perform striking deeds of heroism. Not to leave any doubt on the matter the poet calls shame on the world for judging of the interior from the exterior. There is no art to read the heart's construction in the doublet. On the other hand the nobility in this play are conspicuously lacking in patriotism as well as in valor, as is very emphatically brought out in the scene following the battle, in which there are some unequivocal flings at the British nobility:

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.

When Posthumus has described the gallant behaviour of "an ancient soldier, with two striplings," the lord in an ironical comment indicates his indifferent patriotism, which provokes from Posthumus the following gird at the "nobility:"—

You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. (V.3, 53-55)

After the Lord is gone, Posthumus says,

This is a lord! O noble misery (i. e. miserable nobility)
To be i' the battle field, and ask "what news" of me (i. e.
peasant)!
To-day how many would have given their honors
To've sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! (V.3, 64-68)

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

"The appearance on Shakespeare's stage of a man of humble birth who is virtuous without being ridiculous, is so rare an event that it is worth while to enumerate the instances....The noblest quality which Shakespeare can imagine of in a servant is loyalty....In *Cymbeline* we are treated to loyalty *ad nauseam*. The king orders Pisanio, a trusty servant, to be tortured without cause, and his reply is,"

Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will." (IV. 3.)

In the remarkable passage just quoted from Mr. Crosby¹ we find no mention or allusion to the existence of a Posthumus—a most conspicuous example of a man of humble birth who is virtuous without being ridiculous, and who puts the men of "noble" birth to shame. Pisanio is another personage of humble origin, who is "at once serious and upright" and "virtuous without being ridiculous." We can find nothing nauseating in his loyalty to the King or fidelity to his master and mistress; to us he is one of the most admirable creations of the poet. Wilkes not finding him suitable for his purpose, very characteristically forgets even to mention his name; he does not even relegate him among "the *quasi* instances of a faithful servant," or among the "necessarily loyal" English servants. Mr. Crosby is not more fair in his criticisms of Pisanio than Wilkes: in the passage quoted above he says that the King orders Pisanio to be tortured without cause, but a reference to the scene shows that the King had good cause for *threatening* to torture him:

But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture. (IV.3, 9-12)

We may be pardoned for referring to Pisanio's lying to the King concerning his knowledge of Imogen's absence from the court and the cause thereof as an exhibition of that excessive loyalty which so disturbs Mr. Crosby.

The only passage in this play which contains anything in derogation from the masses is that in which Imogen speaks of

¹ Shakespeare's Working Classes, p. 41

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

Great men laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes (III.6, 86-87).

In way of comment on this passage it is only necessary to say that the charge of fickleness is made of the multitude, without regard to the rank of the individuals composing it, and that it is the most commonplace truism. If Shakespeare is severe on mobs, we Americans must be the last ones to find fault with him for that; his mobs are never so ferocious, unreasonable and debased as those that disgrace this country.

This play is not silent even as to Shakespeare's respect for housewifery. "The mightiest and wisest scholar or teacher in the school of the human spirit" did not deem "the very crown and flower of all her Father's daughters" above praise for her "neat cookery" (IV.2, 45 and 49, 163 and 239) and her application to her needle (I.1, 168; 3, 19).

In speaking of the various purposes for which the poet employs the common people whom he brings upon the stage, Mr. Crosby says¹ "we might have been spared the jokes which the jailors of Posthumus perpetrate when they come to lead him to the scaffold." Presumably the conclusion to be drawn from this is that the jailors, and hence the common people, are heartless and poor humorists. But the premises are false and the conclusion unwarranted. Let us call the reader's attention, as well as Mr. Crosby's, to the fact that it was Posthumus who began to bandy words with the jailors and to pun on his fate; so that if there is any derogation in this wit-combat—if such it may be called—it is Posthumus who suffers. The scene, it is true, is not one whose loss we should greatly deplore, but it bears evidence of the master's hand, and can be defended as serving as a foil to the intensely dramatic scene which follows it and, perhaps, as Sherman suggests, "as achieving all the spiritual effect of dying, while the death is spared."

There remains now only one other matter to be examined: Mr. Crosby maintains² that the "language employed by nobility and royalty in addressing those of inferior station in Shakespeare's

¹ Shakespeare's Working Classes, p. 40

² *Id.* pp. 18, 19

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

plays... must have been a little galling to the poorer of his auditors. It is hard to believe that Shakespeare would have so frequently allowed his characters to express their contempt for members of the lower orders of society, if he had not had some sympathy with their opinions." This conclusion is as absurd as it would be for us to say that the poet's delineation of such villains as Iago, Iachimo and Edmund proves that he was a scoundrel. But the subjects merit careful examination, and we gather the following facts: The Queen, when speaking of Pisanio to his mistress, calls him "faithful servant," but when she is alone, she thinks of him as a "flattering rascal," a "sly and constant knave." Cymbeline in his rage addresses his son-in-law as "thou basest thing," but he also calls his daughter "vile;" notwithstanding this, in the hour of rejoicing he offers a reward to the discoverer of

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought:
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof. (V.5, 3-5)

When his children have been restored to him and all his wrongs have been righted, he again expresses a longing for

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place and grac'd
The thankings of a king. (V.5, 405-407)

Iachimo, when envying Posthumus' good fortune, dubs him "a beggar;" when mortified at his defeat in a hand to hand combat with him he thinks of him as "a carl, a very drudge of nature's," a "lout;" but when he is overcome by remorse, he speaks of his "honor'd finger" and terms him "true knight" and "noble Leonatus." The person who makes most use of contumelious epithets is—Cloten, the clown of the play and a mere caricature of nobility. To him Posthumus is a "villain," a "beggar," a "base wretch," a "slave" and a "pantler;" Pisanio he styles a "precious pandar," a "villain," a "close villain," an "all-worthy villain;" one who had taken him up for swearing he calls a "whoreson jackanapes" and a "whoreson dog." The irony of the whole thing is well brought out in the forest scene where, meeting Guiderius, "the heir of Cymbeline and Britain," Cloten applies to him such choice epithets

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

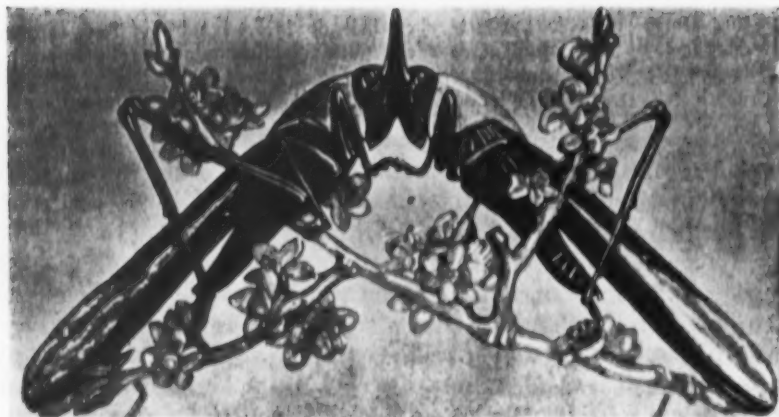
as "villain mountaineer," "slave," "robber, law-breaker, villain-base, varlet, rustic mountaineer," etc. Truly does Guiderius tell him "Thou art some fool." Opprobrious epithets are applied in Shakespeare's plays not only to persons of low rank, but also to persons high up in the social scale. Such terms as villain, wretch, rascal, ass, miscreant, recreant, etc. are by no means infrequently hurled at some nobleman who has offended the speaker. Although we might defend Shakespeare's practice of applying such terms to the common people, "as indicating the manners of the time, rather than as expressing his own feelings," as Mr. Crosby suggests, we believe there is more in it. The poet's object was, in this as in all things, to hold the mirror up to nature, and he shows us that the language employed by one of his personages is determined by his character, his mood, his purpose, his education and the character of the person addressed, and not at all by the prejudices of the writer. That Shakespeare did not approve of the use of abusive epithets applied to the common people is confirmed by his satire of the practice in the scene between Cloten and Guiderius, and by the second lord's telling us that such conduct "was fit for his lordship Cloten only." We are convinced that the nobility found more girds at themselves than at the common people, as they watched the progress of this play, and that those who were guilty of conduct similar to Cloten's felt the rebuke keenly. In justice to our subject, as well as to the noblemen portrayed by the poet, we must call attention to the fact that they as often bestow praise and complimentary terms on the common people as people in real life do, as the examination of any play shows. And we must not forget that Shakespeare was too great an artist to mar his work by the intrusion of any social, political, or religious convictions that he may have entertained; he kept himself entirely out of his dramas.

Business considerations, if nothing else, would have deterred so practical a man as Shakespeare from giving expression in his plays to his "abject servility to nobility" and "his contempt for the mechanical and laboring classes." It is beyond belief that Shakespeare, the actor, dramatist, manager and part owner of the theatre, would have courted the resentment of the prentices

Shakespeare's Caste Prejudices

who filled the pit and the "greasy mechanicals" who occupied the larger part of the house and contributed each his sixpence or his shilling. Apart from all these considerations, it is scarcely credible that the man who in his youth had shared his father's anxieties and had been driven by "the cares of bread" to leave his family, could have looked with contempt and derision upon the laboring classes from whom he sprang. Nor is it possible for us to believe that the "Monarch-poet" who comprehended man more fully than any speculative philosopher, who entered into the souls of men as no other genius ever did, who sang the glory of man as only that master singer could, he who was essentially the poet of Humanity, that he could have entertained any feeling of contempt for even the humblest member of society. If Shakespeare's noblemen revile the common people, if his laboring classes are greasy, if his multitude is fickle, if his servants are not all faithful, if his noblemen are not all noble, they are so only because they are so in the great drama of nature.

It appears then that in this play the dramatist has chosen his "hero" from the rank of the common people, that he has endowed him with all manly qualities, that he has not a single expression indicative of any derision for the laboring classes, or reverence for or worship of the nobility. Nay, were we inclined to be extreme, we should find in the pasquinade of nobility in the person of the ridiculous Cloten, in the many girds of their lordship's cowardice, in the gibes at the treasonous practices of the villainous courtiers, in the portrayal of unkingly royalty, evidences of Shakespeare's contempt for the "nobility." But such a view of our poet would be as far from the truth as that maintained by his detractors.



René Lalique.

A Minor French Salon

IRENE SARGENT



René Lalique.

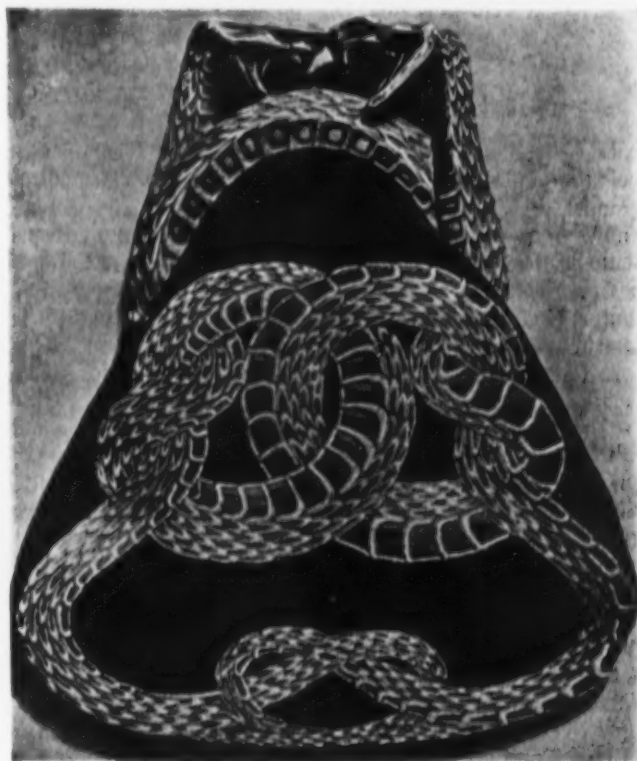
THE admirable French magazine "Art et Décoration" printed in its July issue, over the signature of M. Verneuil, an excellent general criticism of the Spring *salon* of the Society of French Artists. The criticism itself is ideal; one that should be studied by men and women in America whose task is to indicate what is good and what bad in exhibitions, and thus to foster and improve the public taste, to the end that

there be formed an extensive body of individuals who are capable of independent and sound judgment. The style of this article is singularly free from studio phrases, while the arrogant tone of the critic who displays his own knowledge, with no care of fulfilling his office of teacher, is wholly wanting. The reasons for all comments and judgments are there clearly given.

The critic censures the exhibition as a whole, affirming that it has taught the public nothing. He indicates that its failure was the consequence of isolation on the part of the individual artists and

A Minor French Salon

workers, and to prevent similar future poverty of result he calls for collaboration. He proceeds in his task without fear; favoring or condemning according to his own standard, which appears to have been formed by long study and from a fair, unprejudiced mind. It is interesting, as an example of his treatment of an artist of recognized merit and position, to note his strictures upon the

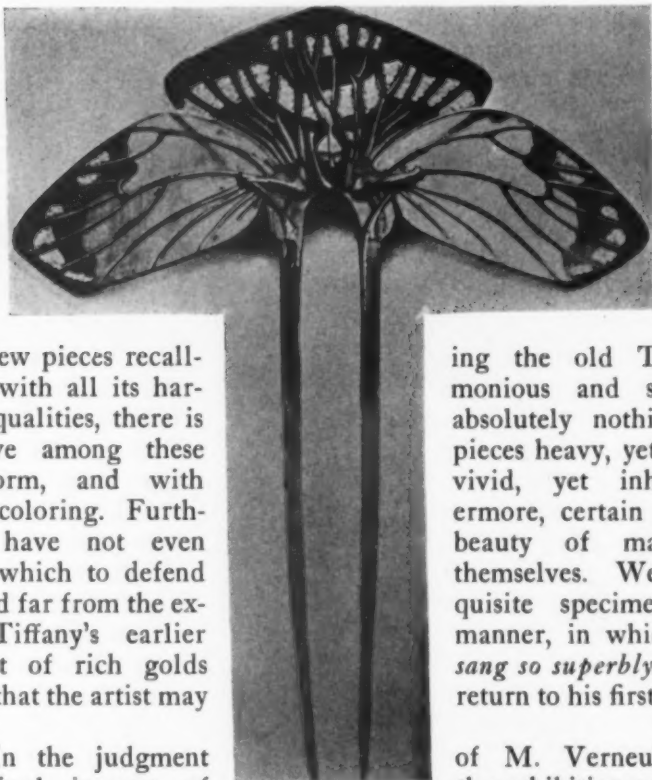


René Lalique.

glass exhibit of Louis Tiffany. Regarding this he writes that it proved deceptive to anticipation. To quote his own words he says: "The name of Tiffany promised us an admirable display, but we must confess to have been deeply disappointed. Still, we

A Minor French Salon

may hope that the objects exhibited do not indicate a new impulse and direction in this artistic enterprise, since, with the exception



René Lalique.

of a few pieces recalling ware with all its harsh qualities, there is observe among these in form, and with nious coloring. Further- ples have not even with which to defend indeed far from the ex- M. Tiffany's earlier gamut of rich golds trust that the artist may od."

In the judgment principal interest of in the jewelry and needless to say in the exhibit of René Lalique. In this opinion the critic would probably find no opponents among the visitors to the *Salon* who were capable of aesthetic judgment; since the art-craftsman in question has raised himself to be the acknowledged equal of any living French artist, painter or sculptor, and he is further adjudged to be the greatest goldsmith in all history. At the mention of M. Lalique's name his marvellous poppy in enamel is

ing the old Tiffany monious and sumpt- absolutely nothing to pieces heavy, yet weak vivid, yet inharmo- ermore, certain exam- beauty of material, themselves. We are quise specimens of manner, in which the *sang so superbly*. We return to his first meth-

of M. Verneuil the the exhibition centered goldsmith work: it is

A Minor French Salon

recalled to the memory of all lovers of the beautiful who know the Luxembourg Gallery. That accomplishment alone would have sufficed to place him among the immortals, for in the small masterpiece he shows himself to be supreme in the three functions of naturalist, artist and craftsman. The same characteristics in an equal degree reside in the exquisite hair-comb upon which jeweled bees are wrought to the very life; the insects being represented as intoxicated by their food, as heavy and swollen, with their legs clogged by pollen.

Having in mind these translations into hard, unyielding material of the delicately poetic and of the delicately humorous in Nature, the enthusiast regrets to meet with the most recent authoritative judgment of the man who has revolutionized his craft and, as he exercises it, has raised it to a place beside the greater arts. Of the exhibit made by M. Lalique the critic writes, that it fails to offer the harmony and unity of those of former years. He asks the question whether the impression made is owing to the fact that M. Lalique is *slightly less himself*, that is to say, slightly less powerful, and bold as an interpreter of the world about him. M. Verneuil continues his criticism in the words: "This excellent artist evidences, as always, a rare distinction, as well as the most accurate sense of what feminine ornament can and ought to be. But this instinct does not prevent him from creating museum or display pieces, designed solely with the intention of constructing harmonies of precious substances, delicately wrought and shaded, and combined for the pleasure of the eye, without possibility of service."

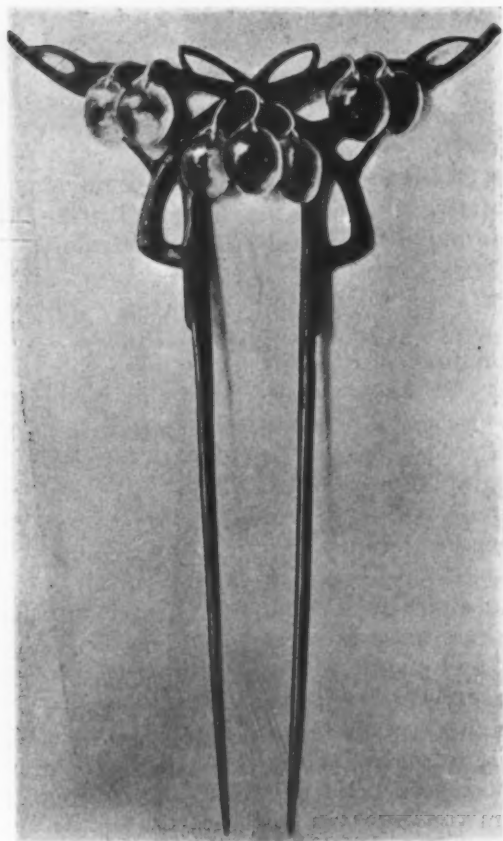


René Lalique.

A Minor French Salon

A series of beautiful combs and pendants receives special attention in the French article, and from the illustrations of these ornaments we have again made a choice in the interests of the readers of our magazine. The shapes of these objects, or at least the contours of their ornamental parts are frankly drawn from insects of the butterfly or the beetle order; these are conventionalized sufficiently to meet the demands of use, but they can be easily recognized by a quality which seems to be the vital principle of

the thing represented. These articles of feminine adornment strike a note never before sounded or even attempted in what has been, until now, one of the minor arts. They do away with the last trace of suspicion that it is a barbarous instinct which prompts the wearing of jewels and ornaments. It is not exaggeration to say that each of these little creations is a hymn in praise of Nature, composed by one who is capable of feeling the great and of rendering the small. The age and the country which produce such work can not be taxed with gross mate-



René Lalique.

A Minor French Salon

rialism. The combs here illustrated show the familiar treatment of M. Lalique, although it is employed upon a new substance, which, in these cases, is horn, chiseled and colored, instead of translucent enamel. One is a study of of insect-wings disposed in a floral figure, while another, based upon the butterfly type, is an exquisite example of structural quality, and of all that is best in *l'art nouveau*. A third comb shows a new phase of the study of wings which M. Lalique varies almost to infinitude, this time being elongated pinions thickly clothed with feathers issuing from the shoulders of two kneeling figures. A fourth comb suggests the same favorite theme, although it is an arrangement of small blossoms supported upon long stems and reaching out in unequal lengths from a common center.

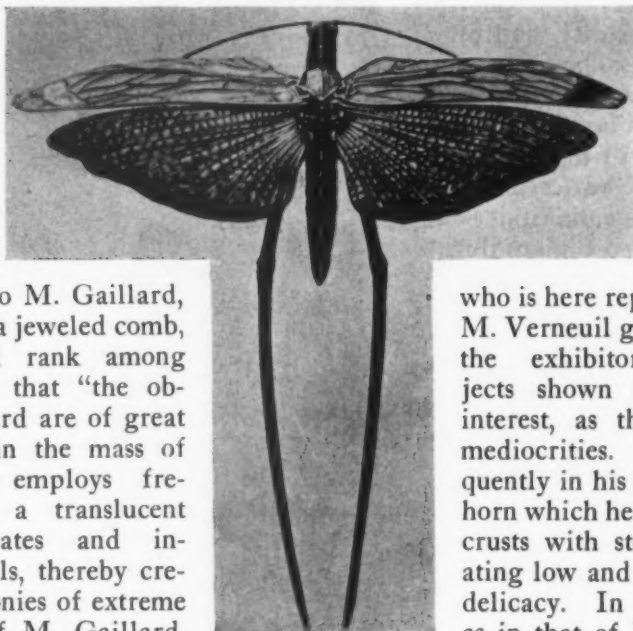
The French critic notes further two bracelets of which one is a study of poppies and the other of corn-flowers chiseled from delicately tinted stones, and these pieces which he does not illustrate, he appears to



René Lalique.

A Minor French Salon

judge as the most beautiful of the entire exhibit. In passing to review the work of other men, he observes that "M. Lalique is still the wonderful artist that we have known him, and he excels as ever in composition, as in refined, unaffected color-schemes. And if his exhibits have no longer the charm of the unexpected, as in former years, is not this slight disappointment the fault of those self-styled artists who set themselves to copy him and who, in their own works, distort and denaturalize his inspirations always fresh and spontaneous?"



L. Gaillard

To M. Gaillard, ed by a jeweled comb, second rank among writes that "the ob-Gaillard are of great pear in the mass of artist employs fre-sition a translucent perforates and in-enamels, thereby cre-harmonies of extreme ibit of M. Gaillard, lique, one finds many

the sole purpose of assembling materials and of creating harmonious forms; as for example, branches of bloom and other ornaments wrought for no end other than to charm the eye; in short, objects capable of exciting in the cultured subtle pleasures which scandalize the Philistine, dead to all considerations save those of prosaic use."

who is here represent-M. Verneuil gives the the exhibitors. He jects shown by M. interest, as they ap-mediocrities. This quently in his compo-horn which he chisels, crusts with stones or ating low and refined delicacy. In the ex-as in that of M. La-objects executed with

A Minor French Salon

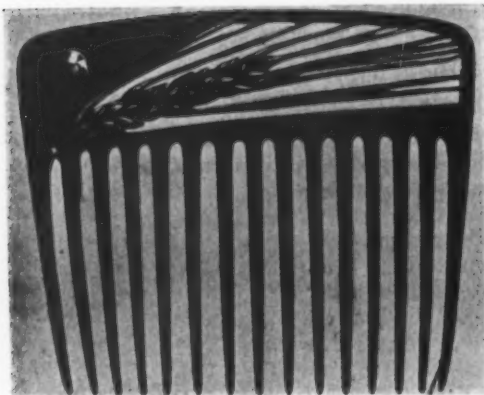
At the end of his criticism, M. Verneuil protests against the strong present tendency toward the commercializing of *Salons*. His protest and warning, although directed against a local and somewhat restricted enterprise, are applicable to ourselves who are about to open an exposition which should be a statement of progress, a school for technicians, artists and craftsmen, and a powerful agent of the higher civilization.



Bassard

In deprecating the appearance of the halls and cases containing commonplaces produced in quantity, M. Vernueil shows characteristic Gallic vivacity,—the more attractive and convincing, perhaps, because of its slight ironical flavor. He asks somewhat abruptly: "Is the Salon intended to encourage commercial pro-

A Minor French Salon



L. Gaillard

duction? If so, there is nothing more to be said. But if, as I believe, it is intended solely to present to the public the efforts of conscientious artists and craftsmen, what place have here these trivialities, these jewels fit only to adorn the breasts of savages, this indifferent work in leather?

"The danger is

a double one. By such means we encourage the labors of producers whose activity would be much better employed elsewhere. We also falsify and deteriorate the taste of the public, who frequent exhibitions in the belief of finding in the exceptional objects displayed sources of instruction and profit, although the well-advised visitor discovers in the same objects nothing beyond the ordinary, current productions of commercial workshops. The present conditions are dangerous. There is need of radical reform."

To popularize in our own country the warning



Landry

A Minor French Salon

originally intended for France and Frenchmen would be a well-taken measure. Commercialism is everywhere the foe of beauty, art, pleasure, and of the simple life. It is the synonym of all that is sordid and hopeless. It kills enthusiasm and precludes in-



Lelièvre

spiration. But it is most difficult to combat, since in common with all low forms of vitality, it has no central organs at which to aim, and if it be stricken, it contains within itself powers of reproduction.

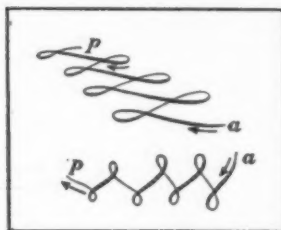


Photographs of a Flying Pigeon, confirming accuracy of Leonardo's eyesight and accuracy

Leonardo da Vinci

The Forerunner of Modern Science

EUGENE SCHOEN



Spiral motion of a bird's wing in flight noted by Leonardo

THE position held by Leonardo da Vinci in the world is unique. He embodied practically all the knowledge of his own day as well as that of the ancients, and his work contains the germ of much that has been startling and revolutionizing in modern times. A statement like this seems bold, for scarcely any branch or art of the present day can be

examined, that Leonardo da Vinci has not correctly apprehended. When compared to his, the accomplishments of most men become dimmed, and he may well be called a universal genius. To enumerate the fields of his active and valuable research is a difficult matter, since he was a complete artist, and for his own time, a complete scientist. The only things that he said little about were government and theology, and it is evident that he cared little for either. Apparently, he considered them artificial and out of his province, for he was, first of all, a naturalist.

He is the epitome of the Renaissance, and in him may be found whatever is contained in that period, when it is regarded, not as the revival of ancient institutions, but as the development of individualism.

The Italian Renaissance from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, was a progressive revolt against Church dogma; the principles of the Catholic Church being static, and at variance with

Leonardo da Vinci

the tendencies of evolution. The Church attempted to control the development of the free will by regulating the subjects and manner of study. It allowed education to few outside the clergy; and therefore superstition held the minds of the common people. It subordinated and subjugated the individual. But the spirit of freedom is ever strong in the human heart, and the very means that the Church used to control the people were responsible for its final loss of unrestricted power. The struggle has been long and is not yet over, but with the birth of individual freedom, the fundamental idea of the Catholic Church was overthrown, although the power has tried to stem the tide by concession and by interpretation of dogma. When Aristotle's philosophy rose as a menace, Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century typified the True, the Good and the Beautiful in the Father, the Son and the Virgin. But the revolution occurred in other fields than in those of theology and philosophy, while classical legacies and the study of nature gave a new meaning to the life of the people.

As a revolutionist of such character, Leonardo da Vinci played the most important role of the Renaissance.

Were the activity of the master minds of this period investigated, it would reveal a remarkable versatility. It would be hard to find an artist with but a single profession. An architect was usually a philosopher, a sculptor and a goldsmith, but most artists had thorough and practical knowledge in all branches of applied art.

The Italian Renaissance was the expression by means of art in general of a tendency to make nature the chief teacher, and, therefore, a crystallization of its spirit may be found in the lives and achievements of the artists of the period.

Regarded in this light, not only does the life of Leonardo grow in importance, but interest and completeness are given to the time in which he lived. His birth, which occurred in 1452, was stained by illegitimacy, but he was recognized by his father, the Count di Vinci, taken to the paternal home, and reared with care. He developed into a quiet, handsome youth, with a great love for finery and beautiful things, and with a certain arrogance which never left him. He loved to gather a concourse of people about

Leonardo da Vinci

him and then to address them on some interesting, original topic until his dreams became realities to the multitude because of his lucid explanations. At a very early age, he began to invent, and being a musician, he made fine original harps and lutes. His personal strength was such that he could tear an iron link chain asunder; and yet those same hands could paint so lightly and delicately that many of his pictures are as smooth as lithographs, although every detail is indicated with unerring precision.

In the *bottega*, or studio of Verrocchio, at twenty, he undertook his first commission. But even in his earliest works he showed the fault that characterized his whole life: his failure to keep his engagements with his patrons. Again and again he undertook commissions that he never finished. His mind traveled so rapidly that his ideal constantly advanced as his work progressed. He was dissatisfied with everything that he did. He was, beside, extremely capricious and would lock himself up with most dangerous reptiles and insects for the sole purpose of studying their modes and habits of life, that he might paint them afterward. But he was never idle, and improved every moment by some new discovery in the natural world. He was essentially a doer and not a talker, and yet he was extremely frank and open-hearted to all.

About 1487, a year before his master Verrocchio's death, when he was thirty-five years old, he was advised that Ludovico Sforza, the tyrant of Milan, needed a general supervisor and, therefore, sent him a letter in which he claimed to be an engineer of various kinds, a mathematician, musician, sculptor, painter and architect. He made a favorable impression upon the duke, and a lasting attachment was formed between the patron and the artist. Leonardo began at once to make the model for a heroic equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza (1401-1466), father of Ludovico. After continued application of different interpretations, the model, a colossal one, was finished and exhibited. It called forth great praise, and its cast would probably to-day adorn a square in Milan had not the Sforza régime suddenly ended in 1495, three years after the discovery of America. The French took the Lombard city and the model perished at the hands of the victorious soldiers.

Leonardo da Vinci

At this point in the life of Leonardo (he was then forty-three) comes a question difficult to decide. From the facts it would appear that he did not care greatly who held the reins of government, and he promptly entered the services of the French king, Charles VIII, who, three years later, in 1498, was succeeded by Louis XII. This action, from a modern point of view, should be justly criticised as disloyal and unpatriotic, and compared with Michelangelo in this respect, Leonardo suffers. There lies, however, justification in the fact that to flourish at that time artists needed a patron, and since Leonardo felt his value to the world as an artist, he followed him who desired his services.

Beside making this model for the statue of the warrior, he designed the various pageants of which the Milanese court was so fond. He also wrote his famous treatise on painting, and established a school of art known as the *Accademia*, which was the first of its kind in history. More important, however, is the painting which has caused his great fame: "The Last Supper." A whole treatise has been written regarding this painting on the wall of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, and it is interesting to see how far Leonardo advanced beyond those who, before him, painted the same subject. The facts are simple. He employed perspective to the greatest advantage. He seated the guests on one side of the table—its long side parallel to the wall—and used light and shade in a way previously unknown. Very interesting are the accounts of the manner in which he painted the picture. He would run hatless to the convent at mid-day, mount the scaffold, and paint incessantly until daylight failed; then he would return before dawn the next day, and work without taking time for rest and food. Then for a number of days he would avoid the place, or if he visited it, he simply looked at the work and went away. He spent months searching for a Judas head, and could find none. He threw his brush away in deep despair when he reached the head of the Christ, saying that no mortal could picture that face.

He was, however, very careless in his processes, and employed an oil mixture for the painting which soon made it fade and perish. It was his love of science, of the new and the possibly better, that made Leonardo an experimentalist to a dangerous degree.

Leonardo da Vinci

After the occupation of Milan by the French, Leonardo went to Florence, where in a competition with Michelangelo, who, at that time, was a young man of about twenty-two, he was commissioned to make his famous cartoons of the Battle of Anghiari. He began, but became disheartened because a new mixture of paint turned black, and left Florence without finishing his work. In this painting Leonardo's wonderful knowledge of anatomy and his great love for the horse came into play: he gave to the animal something of the human being and his horses fight as keenly as their riders. He without doubt took his inspiration from an old cameo, preserved at that time and even to-day in the Museum of Florence.

It was hardly possible for two natures like Leonardo and Michelangelo to agree, and they did not form any close friendship. Leonardo was too universal to be moved by little things, too far above the ordinary course of events to be sentimental and passionate, while Michelangelo was bent with every obstacle cast into his way. Da Vinci was, however, chosen as a judge in the placing of Angelo's David, but aside from the cartoons and the judgeship, the relations between the two men were very much strained.

While in Florence, Leonardo painted mostly portraits, chief among which is the so-called Gioconda, or Monna Lisa. This painting has long been considered as the most beautiful and artistic portrait ever painted, and many believe that it echoes the Hermes by Praxiteles. The echo consists in the delicate, half-expressed smile, so elusive as to cause doubts of its existence; yet it gives the portrait a sympathetic quality that grows through constant observation. The Hermes, it will be remembered, is treated in practically the same manner, and both faces required an artist who could portray in a vanishing smile all the warmth and geniality that can animate a human being.

After a short stay in Milan under the French king, and then under Maximilian Sforza, Leonardo went to Rome at the moment when Giovanni de' Medici became Pope Leo X. The artist, at first treated with consideration, was afterward neglected, and left Rome to follow Francis to Paris. After some difficulty with the Florentine government, he was finally free to go and left, accom-

Leonardo da Vinci

panied by Melzi, his favorite pupil and disciple. His health began to decline, and one of the pictures that he is known to have painted at his time is the Saint Anne, now in the Louvre. Soon his right arm became paralyzed, but as he was left-handed, it did not greatly interfere with his work, and to this period, also, is ascribed a portrait of Francis First. Leonardo lived at the Hôtel de Cloux, near Fontainebleau, and received about four hundred crowns (\$5,000) a year as a pension. He died on the second of May, 1519, at the age of seventy-five years. His grave has recently been discovered at Cloux, by M. Arsène Houssaye, the French author and critic, who found a broken and incomplete inscription: "*LEO*" on one stone, and on another the letters *INC*. Other evidence added to the broken inscription makes sufficient the proof that this is the place of interment of the great genius of the Renaissance.

After this brief review of the life of Leonardo, the characteristics of his activity still remain to be investigated, as well as his method of inquiry and presentation.

The spirit of the time is exemplified most strikingly in the manifold and interesting studies of most of the great men; supremely so in the life of da Vinci. He is supposed to have known and to have done so much that the question presents itself: "How much did the other great men know?" To answer this would be difficult—almost impossible, for it would mean practically the re-writing of the history of the Renaissance, according to the biographies of its great men.

Leonardo da Vinci was born into the "Time Spirit" (*Zeit Geist*), and from his earliest youth, his mind was most analytic. One might sum up his actions by saying that he cut up or took apart everything that could be so treated. His biographers mourn that our knowledge about him can be only superficial, because so little of what he did is left to us. It is true that of a great man nothing from his pen can be too much, yet it is equally true that from the hand of Leonardo more has come down to us than of any other man of the Renaissance. Although his work was so scattered that the whole mass is but a fragment, it is only about the lack of personal reference that we can complain. He has left only one, or

Leonardo da Vinci

perhaps two portraits of himself, and those were taken in his old age. None of that beauty that his contemporaries extol has been immortalized on canvas. Yet in the red chalk drawing now in the Royal Library at Turin, one sees a face that is grand and majestic, almost sublime. In it we can read the depth of the sage's mind and his harmonious, restful spirit.

Of his paintings very few are left, it is true, but that is due more to his experimentalism than to the ruthlessness of others. "The Last Supper" as it now exists, has hardly a stroke on it as da Vinci made it: a state due mainly to the necessity of repainting, after he had finished it. The wall upon which his Anghiari battle was painted, turned black, and the many pictures that he began were unfinished and, consequently, have been lost.

Of his sculpture none remains and scarcely any of his architecture. The Martesana Canal shows his qualities as an engineer, but in view of the facts already stated, one is tempted to ask: "What then *does* remain?"

The answer can be briefly made. There are several thousand sheets of paper written in a thick, back-handed manner, with many hundreds of drawings, as well as promises for complete treatises, which were, perhaps, never written. There are also many sketches, some of which may, or may not be from his hand. They are to be found in different museums of Europe, chief among which are the Institute of France, the Royal Library at Turin, and the libraries of Milan, Florence, Rome and Venice, the Library at Windsor, the British and South Kensington Museums.

The history of these documents is varied and interesting. They were all willed to Melzi and treasured by him as his most sacred possessions, but, after his death, they were stored by his children in an attic and allowed to remain there for several generations. At last a few of the sheets came into the hands of an art-critic, who learned that there were many more similar papers in the garret of the old house. They were promptly collected and placed in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. There they remained, with the exception of some which were sold for the Royal collection at Windsor, until 1796, when Napoleon entered Milan and took them away with him to France. In that country they

Leonardo da Vinci

are still to be found, except the so-called "Codex Atlanticus," which, after the peace of 1815, was returned to Milan. These manuscripts have been photographed and published by several authoritative persons, Messrs. Charles Raison and Mollien and Jean Paul Richter.* They have been lettered and are known by the same system of designation throughout the world.

They were no doubt written as texts for his lectures at the *Accademia*, and while they nearly all have some pages missing, they are otherwise quite complete. They are mainly on uniform paper, written in Italian, with a thick pen or quill and backward, a mirror being needed to read them. They were written with the left hand and the illustrations always begin at the right side of the paper. The shading on the drawings consists of dexter lines very close together, and by these shade-lines critics try to distinguish Leonardo's work from his imitative pupils, of whom, due to his *Accademia*, there were many. Some are drawings made upon tinted papers with colored inks, but most of them are monochromatic. They contain very peculiar abbreviations and marks, and scarcely any punctuation; almost every word being followed by a period. Many small words are combined: a device adding difficulty to the reading. The manuscripts contain treatises or parts of them, on the following subjects:

I.

PURE SCIENCE

MATHEMATICS:

Geometry

Astronomy

II.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SCIENCES

PHYSICS:

Treatise on Water

Treatise on Vapors, Clouds
and Smoke

Treatise on Flight of Birds

Anatomy

Zoölogy

Physiology

Botany

Geography

Geology

Psychology

Chemistry

Physiognomy (crimin-
ology)

*These works are contained in the Astor Library and in the Avery Architectural Library of Columbia University, New York City.

Leonardo da Vinci

III.

APPLIED SCIENCE

Optics	Life-Saving buoy
Invention of machines	Wheelbarrow (?)
Treatise on Mechanics and Engineering	Trowel (?)
Hoisting	Divers' Breathing Apparatus
Casting	Topography
Motive Power	Military Warfare
Inextinguishable Lamps	Naval Warfare

IV.

ART

Treatise on Architecture	Notes on Sculpture and Music
Treatise on Painting	
Some poetry	

V.

Philosophy	Maxims (Allegory)
Speculation	Morality (Ethics)
Theology	Humor

If this list be thoroughly examined, it will be found to treat of almost the entire curriculum of a modern university. Of course the nature of his work is experimental and primitive from a modern point of view, yet, for that reason, it required so much the more genius because much of it was original.

Leonardo never copied the ancients with a view to imitation, but rather in order to understand how they did their work and for the purpose of establishing a scientific method of procedure. In his paintings and other work in general, there is, therefore, not much imitation of the classic. He simply obtained from antique art the sincerity with which it treated nature. His one great maxim was: "Do not imitate! Get knowledge from Nature herself." Leonardo's greatness does not consist so much in what he knew, as in his method of procedure; although to recount his acquirements is dazzling. He took very little for granted, and, aided by mathematics, he personally investigated all things; drawing conclusions from his experiments. He was not hasty. He

Leonardo da Vinci

weighed all evidence, and by his keen sense and patience, he usually reached the correct generalization.

A number of his great contemporaries were many-sided. Alberti was not only an architect and a goldsmith, but also an engineer and a writer. His work: "*De Re Aedificatoria*" exists even to this day and treats proportion and building much in the manner of Vitruvius. Vignola, Vasari, Michelangelo, and all the other great Italians were distinguished in many other arts beside architecture, but not one grasped the truth which he investigated in the way that Leonardo did. His philosophical mind saw in his experiments and discoveries a manifestation of an eternal unity: a conception developed at a much later date. As Humboldt put it: "He was the first to start on the road toward the point where all impressions of our senses converge to the idea of the unity of nature."

Our remaining task is to glance at his conclusions. His manuscripts reveal many accurately drawn geometric propositions, in some cases accompanied by explanations. In Astronomy he investigated the stars and considered our earth a body like other stars, receiving its light and heat from the sun. Many have read into his words his belief in the sphericity of the earth, and he has a drawing with the Christ as ruler of mankind, holding in his hand a sphere. The meaning of this is not quite evident, but the sphere has been interpreted as the earth. Furthermore, one of his manuscripts states plainly that the earth has a center about which it rotates. (G. 54)

In Natural Science he treats of the various laws of motion, weight, action and reaction; thus preceding Kepler by nearly one hundred years. He wrote a treatise on the movement of water, the cause of waves, of eddies, the effect of water upon rocks, etc.; how water, turning into vapor, rises because of its lightness and forms clouds; how smoke and dust are mixed, as in a battle; the dust being darker and remaining below the smoke on account of its weight. Indeed, he gives his pupils directions as to the representation of battle scenes with this effect.

He wrote a treatise upon the flight of birds for which he dissected many specimens, inspected the bones and joints, and made drawings as to the mechanical operations of their wings.

Leonardo da Vinci

In Anatomy his two favorite subjects were man and the horse. He understood the structure of both perfectly, and, in his paintings, gave such great beauty to horses that they appear almost human. He studied and classified animals and plants zoologically and botanically, anticipating Linnaeus by nearly two hundred years. His work, of course, does not compare with that of Linnaeus, but his method is the same: the method of classification. He wrote a special treatise on Botany for architects, showing how flowers ought to be conventionalized.

As a geologist, he examined the stratification of various rocks and concluded that they were the results of a congestion that had, perhaps, gone on for ages, and that by means of the layers the age of the earth could be calculated. He classified and minutely examined all rock forms that he saw and treated geology by the same scientific method that he did all other studies. In Chemistry he was the first to rob Alchemy of its position and he absolutely denied the ancient doctrine about the four elements. He was the first to say that the so-called elements were in themselves compounds, and that by a process of mixing and decomposing one could get practically any desired substance. Of course, he knew very little about the laws of chemical affinity, but what must be admired is the courage with which, through experimentation, he overthrew the alchemists' position. Chemistry was not witchcraft with him, but one of the many manifestations of the force of natural laws; holding itself to no caprice save that of Nature herself.

His knowledge of Physiognomy, our modern criminology, is well known. For months he searched through the streets of Milan for a face vile enough to be used as the Judas for the painting of "The Last Supper." The impatient prior of Santa Maria complaining to the Duke, could get no satisfaction, for Leonardo informed his patron that if the prior would not cease disturbing him, he would be forced to make the prior's face serve for that of Judas. For weeks he would follow persons with either pleasant or ugly faces, trying to analyze them, and to discover the secret of their attraction. He would collect a number of individuals and make them drunk, only to study the various shades of expression that they assumed.

Leonardo da Vinci

In Optics he tried to use the physical formulas that he invented. He knew of the diffraction of light through lenses and found that according to regular methods an image upon the retina is inverted. He could not explain the mental process that erected the inverted image, and so concluded that the "vitreous humor" of the eye diffracted the refracted rays, and through a process of double refraction brought and erected the image.

It would be tedious to explain the different machines that he invented. Most of them were given practical test in his day, for they were always the outcome of a necessity. He understood applied mechanics so well, even its mathematics, that by a process of adjusting the six simple machines, he obtained wonderful results. His appliances were used in building, in warfare, and on the sea. Founders and casters profited by his devices. Miners owe to him the inextinguishable lamp that is to-day used in almost all mines, and will be employed until electricity supplants it. Divers owe to him a helmet with air tubes, by means of which they can go to the bottom of the waters. Gunners owe to him an advanced form of cannon that fired grape-shot. He built military roads; he made topographical maps for generals to use in choosing their places for defence and fighting. He studied the course taken by an explosive shell and discovered its double action. One might go on without pause and enumerate the wonderful things which he did after he grasped the fundamental laws of dynamic physics, and it is scarcely surprising to learn that he knew the motive power of vapors nearly two centuries before Watts. He used steam to discharge cannon, to pump with and to move a ship (Codex Atlanticus).

He wrote a treatise on architecture, artistic and constructive, arranging it in a most methodical way. He laid out a town with its principal streets, its town hall, church, etc., and then made drawings for the various buildings necessary. He began with the palaces and followed much of the tradition of the day; constructing his buildings about an open court, and placing the customary galleries around the space. He usually put an arcade on the roof of his buildings, and made arches, internally and externally, do all the supporting. His most interesting problem, however, was the

Leonardo da Vinci

church, and here he introduced many novel features. He seems to have been much inspired by Alberti, whom he considered one of the best informed men of his time. His favorite church plan was a decorative Greek cross, resplendent with niches and chapels. Many of his plans resemble snow-flakes, and in the elevations he grasps and completely treats the intrinsic problem of the Dome.

Even in church architecture he uses his inventive powers, and goes so far in breaking the tradition of eight hundred years as to suggest that preaching should be done in a building separate from the church. The pulpit was to be in the center and the apse was to contain the seats arranged in amphitheatre form about the rostrum. This is one of the most startling innovations in the history of art. For eight hundred years churches had been built after one set type, and then came a man simple and scientific enough to say that the best form of a church is a theatre. Tradition in Leonardo's hand had only its intrinsic worth. Sentiment in building he had none. One of the most beautiful of his sketches is the design for a mortuary chapel upon a hill-top. Its proportions are exquisite and architecturally it is finely treated with a double order. Its plan is also very interesting, recalling the star-shaped snow crystals. The churches planned by Leonardo resemble Santa Maria dei Miracoli at Venice (barrel vault) and Santa Maria in Carrignano at Genoa. In construction he understood the theory of the arch, both erect and inverted, and made elaborate drawings upon the resistance of beams, and the breaking moment of stones, with special reference to niches. There is, however, not a single building in existence that, with certainty, can be ascribed to him. What is most interesting and fascinating about his theoretic investigation, is his successful treatment of the dome, one of the most difficult problems in architecture. In fact it may be generally stated that he grappled from the start with the difficult problems, and let the simple ones care for themselves.

He left some notes on sculpture in which he warns sculptors from copying the antique. They should be natural, taking only what intrinsically belongs to sculpture from ancient times. The ancients taught that drapery must echo the form and enhance its charms. With Leonardo drapery dares not be clothing. He

Leonardo da Vinci

wrote also upon music and musical instruments, but his most popular treatise is his book on painting. It has been the well-spring of information to painters and draughtsmen since it was written and for a long time it was the only thing known of him. It outlines a course of instruction beginning with geometric drawing and passing through the gamut of artistic effort, practically and aesthetically considered. The whole tone of the work is an admonition to be natural and unaffected; to seek the essential idea in a composition, to give this idea unity by making all action and expression converge to central thought. He teaches perspective and is the first to use light and shade as a means of expressing distance. He investigates the effects of shadows on colors and shows why everything seems blue in the distance. He completely mastered aerial as well as linear perspective, and his treatise is full of the keenest observations. He shows that colors should be mixed carefully, and seems to have been the first to designate colors as primary, secondary and tertiary. Of course, his primary colors are yellow, blue and crimson, because he discovered combinations in painting, and not with colored lights.

His book divides into five heads: 1, Drawing; 2, Invention; 3, Light and Shadow; 4, Colors and Coloring; and, lastly, a few miscellaneous observations how to express the turmoil of battle, the calm of a peaceful landscape. He also speaks of the propriety of colors for different compositions and the expression of terror in horrified faces.

Finally, in his philosophic doctrines, he deduces the conclusions from his life work by insisting that nature unerringly rules the world, and that every event is due to the operation of a definite natural law. This position made him proof against the many obstacles thrown in his way and gave him that stolidity of character that robs all his work of the element of personality.

He was not a theologian, and Vasari even goes so far as to say that he was an unbeliever. This is perhaps not so, for he devoutly mentions God several times in his manuscripts. He was, however, by no means a good Catholic.

He wrote a great many maxims and morals in the form of allegories and fables and his manuscripts contain many draw-

Leonardo da Vinci

ings illustrative of these. He was also a humorist and shows many humorous points in the lives of his contemporaries.

After all that has been said, a conclusion as to his value may be drawn. Judged by his work there seems to be but one result. He showed that men must aim at universality, to be in the full sense of the good English term, men of integrity. He tried to show that the trend of human intellect is toward the recognition of unity in the laws of nature. He began by studying a few things and concluded by having studied more than any one else before him; simply because his craving for the comprehension of Nature led him on. He was the embodiment of the Renaissance. The new feeling for light aroused men to thought and action. Since Leonardo's time, philosophers have been grappling with the same questions that he did and in most cases have come to the same conclusions. He seems to have stood above the world, merely acting his part as any other mortal, but endowed with a higher spirit. He is an example for the emulation of men: first on account of his undaunted search for the truth; secondly for his perseverance and inexhaustiveness; lastly for his courage and freedom from prejudice. Goethe might have had him in mind when he makes Faust say: "What thine ancestors have left to thee, earn, that thou mayest possess it." He was a free man because he obeyed Wisdom's counsel to deserve his freedom and his life by daily conquering them.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In an age so devoted to science, so rich in discovery, so successful in application of natural law to practical purposes as our own, it is not strange that Leonardo da Vinci should be viewed as a new light; that he should be recognized as a scientist who lacked only the environment, companionship and encouragement necessary to his fullest development. The Leonardo of Mrs. Jamison and the handbooks of Italian art is now a person of slight comparative importance, of outworn attractions, like the hero of an old style romance created for the delight of a past generation. It is not even the Leonardo of Burkhardt and Symonds who so powerfully attracts the readers and thinkers of the moment. It is a soul renewed and exalted, that is now imagined as once ani-

Leonardo da Vinci

mating that contemplative countenance made familiar by the statue in the great square of La Scala theatre at Milan.

This new Leonardo has recently been made the subject of two remarkable books: the one, "Spirals in Nature and Art," being intensely clever and really scientific, although its author, Mr. Theo. Andrea Cook, disclaims for it the latter quality. The second book, by the Russian, Dmitri Merejkowski, in the favorite literary form of our times, that is, the psychological novel, is one that naturally commands a much wider circle of readers. It is a subtle and scholarly work, showing a rich, patiently-acquired knowledge of the Renaissance, used pictorially, it is true, but without that sense of proportion and sacrifice of detail which characterizes the work of the highest artists.

So there results a series of sketches: studies of courts, tyrants, wars, of the *popolani* or Italian plebs, of the *bottega* or typical studio of the Renaissance, of the monastic life, Savonarola, the child crusaders, the holocaust of the Vanities, the ordeal by fire, and much other material that is familiar to the reader of ordinary culture. These scenes are used as a background for the principal character, Leonardo, whether he is represented, as is most often the case, in action: creating, inventing, arguing, writing treatises, in intercourse with his patrons, pupils or with children, or whether, in any special scene, his bodily presence is wanting, but his dominant influence is felt, just as a Wagnerian *leit motif* represents the personality of a hero who is, for the moment, absent from the stage.

These studies, graphic and laborious, are not well coördinated. Furthermore, they have a certain grossness,—perhaps it were better to say brutality, although of course in the artistic sense of the term—which is displeasing in pictures of Italian life. They are weighted by the heaviness of a Northern mind.

But these defects only detract from the beauty and distinction of the work. They do not invalidate it as a document, for such it must be considered. It is a piece of evidence without falsification, growing out of the examination of Leonardo's extant works and writings; agreeing with the most recent discoveries made regarding him; possessing, also, another sure indication of truthfulness: that is, its similarity to other writings upon the same subject

Leonardo da Vinci

produced independently and at wide distance apart by men of other nationalities. Merejkowski's portrayal of Leonardo particularly agrees with the character sketched by the author of "Spirals in Nature and Art;" although the latter writer is a strict logician, proceeding cautiously step by step, as he advances an argument to prove that certain celebrated, beautiful and complicated spiral forms in French castle architecture are based upon the convolutions of certain rare sea-shells; that these forms were studied by Leonardo, as is evidenced by his writings; that the architect of the spirals is nameless; that Leonardo was resident in the locality of the castles at the time of their construction; finally, that no other architect of the time, French or Italian, could have produced such brilliant results of daring experimentalism.

Around this idea of experimentalism as a focus—because the desire to discover, to penetrate, to grasp, was the mainspring of Leonardo's life and action—Merejkowski arranges all his thought-material to the detriment of the narrative, but to the great advantage of the character-study, as the reader will realize if he sets himself to recall the book, after its impression has crystallized within his mind. Even the individual who reads for pastime, rather than for instruction, will possess a clear-cut portrait of a supreme genius; one who faltered and vacillated, it is true, but who did this because he lacked the proper environment and companionship for success; one who resembled as a brother that other scientist, Paracelsus, recently rehabilitated from the charge of charlatanism through the initiative of Robert Browning and his followers.

An example of Merejkowski's treatment of Leonardo is found in the early portion of his book, under the caption: *Ecce Deus—Ecce Homo—1494*. Here, as often, an excerpt from the great Italian's writings becomes the text for an extended narrative and criticism. The quotation, showing at once the scientist and the dreamer, is full of interest in these days of experiment in the same direction. It reads: "If the eagle can sustain himself in the rarest atmosphere, if great ships by sails can float across the waves, why can not likewise Man, by means of powerful wings, make himself lord of the winds, and rise, the conqueror of space?" Then follows the description of Leonardo's machine, devised like a bird, and

Leonardo da Vinci

quite the forerunner of the modern conception of an air-ship. The laborious mathematical calculations, the enthusiasm which extended to the workman employed in the construction and sufficed to overthrow his reason, the sleepless nights of the inventor can not be laughed to scorn, since in our own time we have a parallel case, differing only because of the freer and happier conditions of modern times. We are not yet permitted to read the story of Professor Langley, but we may be sure that it contains reflections of exaltation and of disappointments similar to those which vitalize the pages to which Leonardo confided his musings upon aerial propulsion.

Into the same chapter are crowded examples of Leonardo's other characteristics—of his genius, his temperament, of the thousand and one small things that in the aggregate made up his personality. Indeed, nothing beyond this chapter were needed to finish and round what is perhaps the best character-sketch of this baffling genius that has ever been given to the world. His was not "a dual personality," as we are wont to say of individuals of strongly-marked qualities hostile to one another. He was, so to speak, a multiple man, as many-sided and as brilliant as a diamond, flashing out rays into the darkness of the ignorance about him; lacking only the tenacity which is born of encouragement; above all things a lonely soul appointed by nature for investigation rather than faith, for complete celibacy of life and thought. His efforts were, therefore, sterilized in some measure, but he approached more nearly than any other man of his time to the comprehension of Natural Law. The spiral line—the line of flame and smoke—which he so assiduously sought throughout his art, is no mark in him of a soul affinity. It is not typical of a destructive and elusive spirit. The true Leonardo was no trifler and visionary, as certain critics would have us believe. He was almost alone in his knowledge, and almost sublime in his loneliness.]

A Simple Dwelling

CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON



OUR American civilization is producing in increasing numbers men and women of cultivation and refinement to whom beauty and dignity in their surroundings and mode of life seem no less imperative a need than are the so-called "necessities of existence" to others differently educated and endowed, yet who are unable by reason of their lack of fortune or limitation of income to gain for themselves in a country where every sort of beauty must be

purchased at a price (too often a high one), that happy environment which shall satisfy and express them. It is such as these, I venture to believe, who form the majority of the readers of *The Craftsman*.

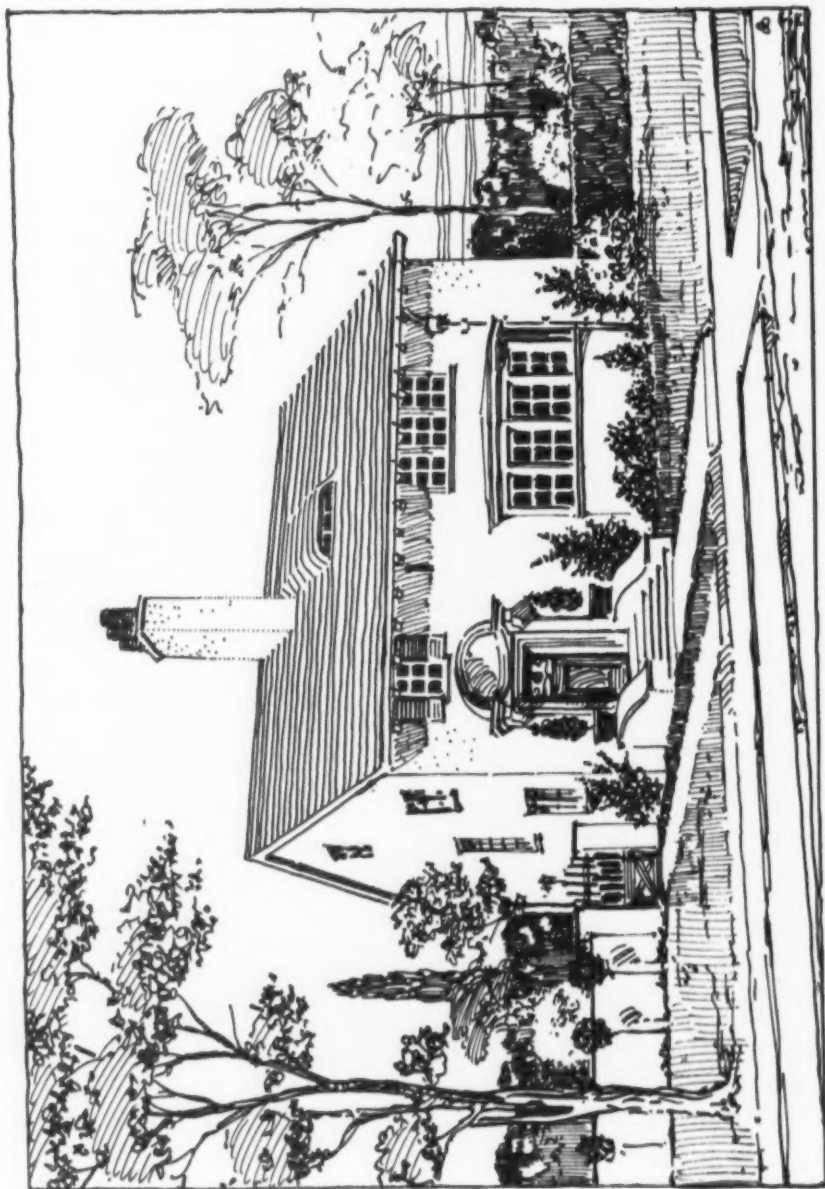
Assume, if you please, the case of such a married pair. Having found, by calculation or experiment, that they will have paid enough in rent, in the course of a few years to have built for themselves some sort of dwelling which, though small and simple, would at least be free from the meretricious vulgarity with which the average landlord baits the trap in which to catch the "tenant of moderate means," they decide to build a house for themselves. How shall they go about it?

Commissions of this sort are not as a rule eagerly welcomed by the successful architect for the reason that, though the planning and designing of a small and cheap house is really a more difficult matter than the production of a large and expensive one, it adds less to an architect's reputation, and is far less remunerative. Engrossed in more interesting and important work, he is usually unwilling to spend the time necessary for a thoroughly successful solution of a problem which involves a hundred restrictions, limi-

A Simple Dwelling

tations, and petty economies of every sort. Vaguely aware of this, our clients are perhaps beguiled by means of a persuasively worded advertisement into getting their plans ready-made from an agency, but the results of such a course are seldom satisfactory. The finished house is probably found to look far less attractive than the cleverly rendered sketch which caught their fancy; the estimates of cost are apt to be misleading, and many things are sure to go wrong through lack of proper superintendence. They have still more trouble if they essay the role of architects themselves. In nothing is the amateur so pitilessly and publicly revealed, and his inevitable ignorance and incompetence so surely punished—by bad workmanship, and by financial loss—as in a building operation. Without years of experience and a certain natural aptitude in such matters, a person is bound to be the victim of the dishonest workman, or else a false and uncertain guide to the honest and well intentioned. He must know not only what he wants, but how to obtain it.

The services of an architect are therefore necessary, but our pair will be well advised if they select a young and ambitious man of sufficient experience, whose practice is not yet so large that he cannot devote a great deal of personal attention to every problem. They should go to him with a full knowledge if possible of what they want, and tell him frankly how much money they can afford to spend. If, as is likely, they want more than their money can possibly buy, their only course is to reduce their requirements or increase their appropriation, and not expect their architect to perform miracles. Though they are at liberty to criticise his drawings freely, they will be wise to let him do all the actual planning and designing himself, for that is a game at which he is more skilled than they. All his suggestions should be carefully considered, and if his arguments are sound, they should relinquish cherished ideas of their own. He, on his part, will be guided by their desires in so far as it is possible or wise. The great advantage of employing an architect is that one gets a house "made to measure" instead of "ready-made." There is no "best" plan, or rather there are a thousand best plans and all different, that is, there are a thousand different conditions and only one best way of fulfilling

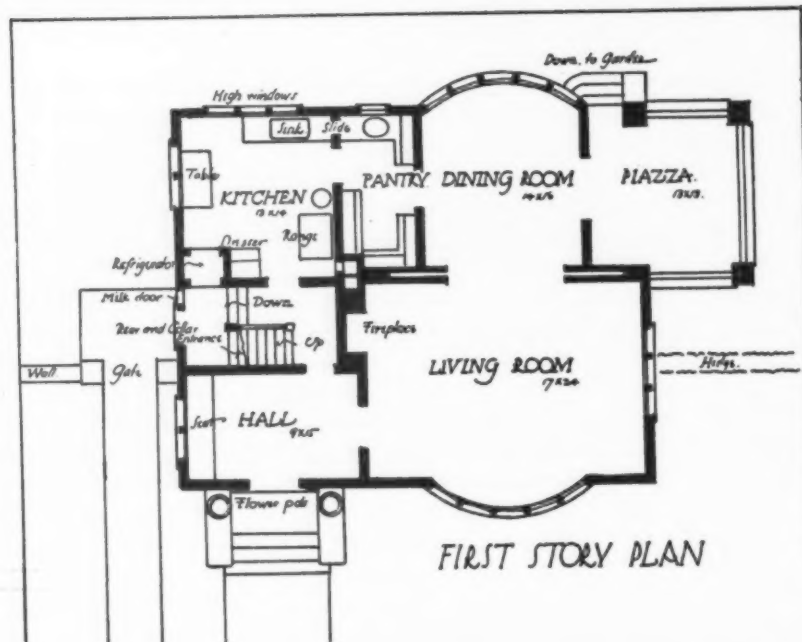


A Simple Dwelling

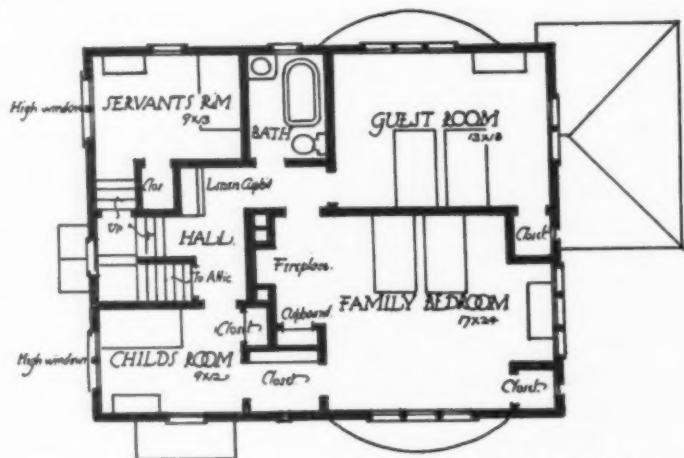
them. The wants of different families vary so greatly, the arrangement of the rooms of a house are so largely determined by the size and position of the lot, the contour of the ground, the view, the prevailing winds, the orientation, that what is very good in one place, will be very bad in another. For this reason the plans one finds in books can be suggestive merely, and the particular one which accompanies this article has been devised for this purpose only, and to illustrate certain points which should be taken into consideration in houses of this class. It is the text, as it were, of my sermon.

The controlling and determining ideas according to which this house has been designed are three in number (assuming, of course, that it be made complete and convenient) : first, to get the maximum of accommodation with the minimum of cost; second, to obtain an effect of exterior size and interior spaciousness in a building actually small; and third, to produce an effect of beauty and distinction by simple means, and with inexpensive materials.

The cheapest, as well as the most convenient house (other things being equal) is one which in plan is a parallelogram nearly approaching a square, for the reason that a square contains the maximum of area in proportion to the length of its perimeter, which is in this case represented by the outside walls, and it is these which are expensive; also because all rooms being centrally located, long corridors and other waste places are avoided. It possesses the further advantage of permitting such an arrangement of bedrooms (one in each angle) that each may have a window in two directions. The roof which surmounts this simple mass consists of a single unbroken gable because such a roof is the cheapest, the most easily constructed, the tightest (there are no dormers or valleys for the snow to lodge against); it gives a larger attic, and it is best also from a standpoint of design, because a simple roof makes a small house look larger. To make a single chimney answer for both the living room fireplace and for the kitchen stove is a great saving, for masonry is expensive. The usual objection to this—the necessity of having these two rooms adjoin—has been overcome in this instance. In order to economize space only one stairway has been provided, but this is centrally located in a hall



FIRST STORY PLAN



SECOND STORY PLAN

A Simple Dwelling

by itself, accessible with equal ease from either the living portion or the service portion of the house, and to secure privacy for the bedrooms, a branch of the stairway leads to the servant's room directly, so that in going to it the second story hall need not be entered.

The feature of the interior is of course the large living room. The dining room is so arranged with relation to it that the latter has the effect of a great deep alcove, the necessary privacy being obtained by means of wide glazed sliding doors, which push back into pockets in the wall. The two bay windows being identical in size and form contribute to this effect of a single great apartment, and it may be still further enhanced by using the same scheme of furnishing and decoration throughout. Indeed, in a small house particularly, it is a mistake to treat rooms very differently from one another.

The exterior of the house is what is known as "rough cast," which is a cement plaster mixed with fine gravel applied in a particular way which gives an interesting texture. This kind of exterior finish is handsome, durable, and only a little more expensive than shingles or clapboards. It makes an exceptionally warm house, and as the plaster is left in the condition in which it is applied, no painting is necessary. The window frames and other exterior woodwork are stained apple green, and the sash are painted white. The roof is covered with shingles, stained a silvery gray. The chimney is plastered, like the sides of the house. The effect of this color-scheme, against green trees and a blue sky is charming. The green of the woodwork repeats the green of the leaves of the trees, the gray roof echoes their gray trunks and branches, while the white walls suggest the *cumuli* clouds of the sky. To give accent to the whole the front door is painted a dark, rich blue, and the leads of the simple panel of glass which it contains are gilded with gold leaf.

The interior finish of the house is necessarily very simple. White-wood is employed throughout for the trim, and Georgia pine for the floors, as these are now the cheapest woods obtainable. The white-wood takes stain very nicely, and almost any of the

A Simple Dwelling

color schemes described in this and previous numbers of *The Craftsman* could be carried out to advantage.

A house of this description could be built complete, for from four to five thousand dollars, and in some localities for less. A few years ago it would have been called a twenty-five hundred dollar house, but except under the most favorable conditions and with the most rigid economy, it could not now be built for anything



approaching that figure, the advance in the price of labor and materials has been so great.

It is a house designed for people who would lead "the simple life," yet who would live with a certain dignity, withal: to whom beauty in their surroundings is a necessity rather than a luxury. Like Bernard Shaw, I have little confidence in the protestations of those who cannot produce what they profess to admire. A person who has a true and ardent love for beauty—one to whom art means more than pictures and statuary—will inevitably create for himself a beautiful environment. This is the true test of aesthetic culture:

Lacemakers

it does not consist, as many people seem to suppose, in surrounding one's self with brown photographs of ruined temples, and disfigured sculpture, or in being able to name correctly all of Raphael's madonnas.

Lacemakers

FLORENCE G. WEBER

ON our arrival in Europe to study the lace-makers, our minds were full of traditions and anecdotes about their customs and conditions. Since the origin of point lace has been conceded by all to Venice and that of bobbin lace by many to the adjacent provinces, it was to Italy that we went first.

The lace industries in Europe are of two kinds: the factories in or near large cities, and the cottage or village-industries in fishing hamlets and hill towns. With the exception of a few convents, it is in the factories that point lace is produced. The lace is called point simply from its being made with a needle. Venice, Brussels, Vienna, Moscow, Athens and Florence have establishments for the training of lace-makers and the production of lace. At these places are sold also all kinds of laces made in the surrounding country as well. Thus, in the shop of Signor Navone in Florence one buys not only the points of Venice and Burano but also *torchons* and heavy silk laces from the fishing villages of Santa Margherita and Rapallo, the guipures from Cantù, near Como, and the revivals of early drawn work from the convents at Assisi.

Santa Margherita on the Riviera di Levante, some seventeen miles from Genoa, was full of interest to us. Our acquaintance in Boston with a family of lace-makers who had come from that town, their enthusiastic descriptions of the place and the excellent character of the lace produced there, drew us early in our journey to Santa Margherita. The men seem to be engaged in one of two pursuits, either fishing or keeping hotels. The women apparently all make lace; at least they all know how to make it. The town is arcaded. In the morning, the women sit with their cushions under the cool shade of the arches and in the afternoon, on the beach. Many are at work on wide scarfs of white or black silk

Lacemakers

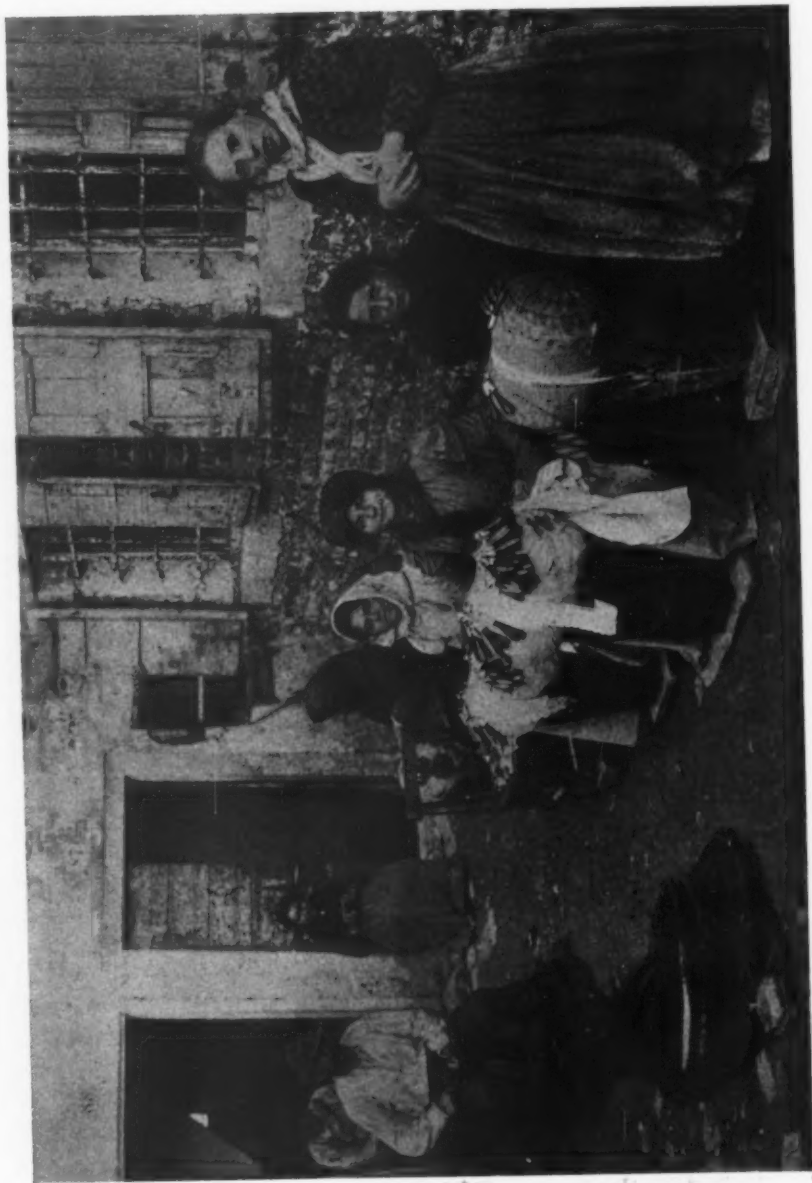
lace, which require enormously long cushions and several hundred bobbins. These hang tied with tapes in bunches. When, in the process of the work, the maker needs to use one of these bunches, she removes the tape with a movement so deft that the bobbins fall free and in place. Why she doesn't have to sort them is a mystery even to those familiar with making bobbin lace. The trick seems to be only the result of manual dexterity acquired by practice begun at the age of four. After you watch her a few minutes, she will rise from her work, disappear into the house only to reappear at once with a finished scarf of glistening white silk. This she silently unfolds with a touch so loving that it at once becomes to you a precious thing. Then, this Margherita proceeds to adorn her pretty head with it. As she quickly draws it about her throat she smiles and says: "For the *teeater*." No French milliner ever adjusted a Paris hat with more convincing skill. You see the scarf, the beguiling smile and the lovely face. The combination is irresistible. You buy the scarf. When you examine it you find the design good, the execution skilful and the material worthy of both. The patterns for these peasant laces in Italy are generally excellent. They have been handed down from the best period of the Renaissance and are true to the principles of decorative design. These patterns are either geometrical or highly conventional flower-forms, scrolls and vines: all characterized with the beautiful restraint peculiar to the best period of Italian art. The one fault with the working-patterns is that new ones are pricked from old ones. This is demoralizing to the production of lace, because the design is soon distorted. The habit prevails, however, among lace-makers of all parts of Europe. When we began our work in Boston, the pricking of patterns became at once a serious matter. I was confronted with a task that threatened to confine me wholly to supplying our girls with fresh patterns. I saw that some mechanical method of reproducing designs must be employed. I found that by dotting all the pin-holes for the pattern on a piece of tracing cloth, I could produce a working pattern by the process of blue printing, just as an architect makes his working-plans. In case of lace with fine mesh-grounds, the design can be dotted on cross-section tracing-paper. This



A Foreign Type
Belgian Lace Maker



The American Type
Lacemaker in the Arts and Crafts Lace School, Boston, Massachusetts



Lacemakers at Palestrina, Italy

Lacemakers

paper comes in the scale of millimetres, so that it is just right for the finest mesh. As each mesh worked requires a pin, and there are six hundred and twenty-five meshes to the square inch, some idea will be had of how accurate a working pattern must be and how quickly one pin-hole can be torn out into another. Our girls make their own blue prints as they require them; thus at once enjoying temporary recreation from lace making and still accomplishing something necessary to the work. The blue has proved to be the most practical color over which to work the finest threads.

From Santa Margherita we journeyed north to the foothills of the Alps to Cantù. Quite unaware that it was a *festa*, we found the place overflowing with excitement. A horse-fair and a cattle fair were in progress. In the square was a side-show that would have done credit to "our own Barnum." It was in a circular tent adorned without with pictorial representations of strange creatures. Perched on a step-ladder outside, was the showman washing the paw of a gorilla, which obligingly put it out from behind the canvas screen. After much soaking and soaping, the black paw was wiped on a clean towel. As no black came off, the onlookers were presumably convinced that the creature was genuine. The showman seized a drum on which he beat a tattoo, shouting in his native tongue: "Two cents, two cents, step right in!" This remarkable find only tended to depress our spirits and we thought: "We shall never see lace-makers at work to-day, with all these attractions in town." Just around the corner within hearing of the showman's voice, we came upon a group of women, young and old, rattling their lace bobbins with industry and devotion. All along the streets we saw them under arbors and sheds working as if no *festa* were close at hand. In one yard, we saw seven women with their cushions, while a man sat among them stringing the beans for dinner.

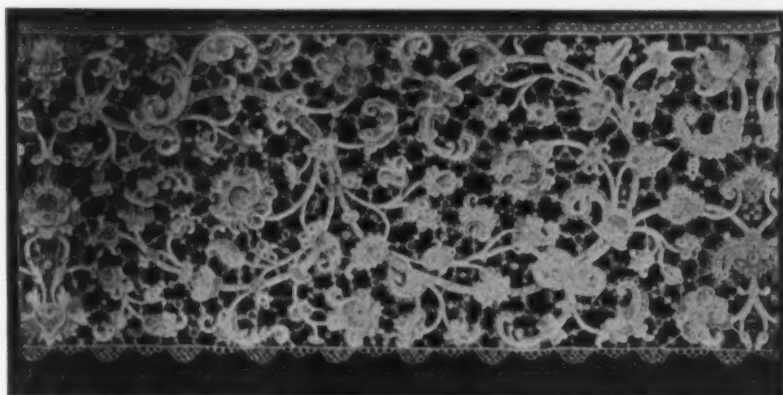
We went among all classes of lace-makers in Venice, from the factories around St. Mark's Square far down the lagoon to Palestrina and Chioggia. With the exception of the colored silk lace called Polychrome, there is no bobbin lace made in the city. The point laces are made there and at Burano. The bobbin laces are made in the fishing villages down the lagoon. I

Lacemakers

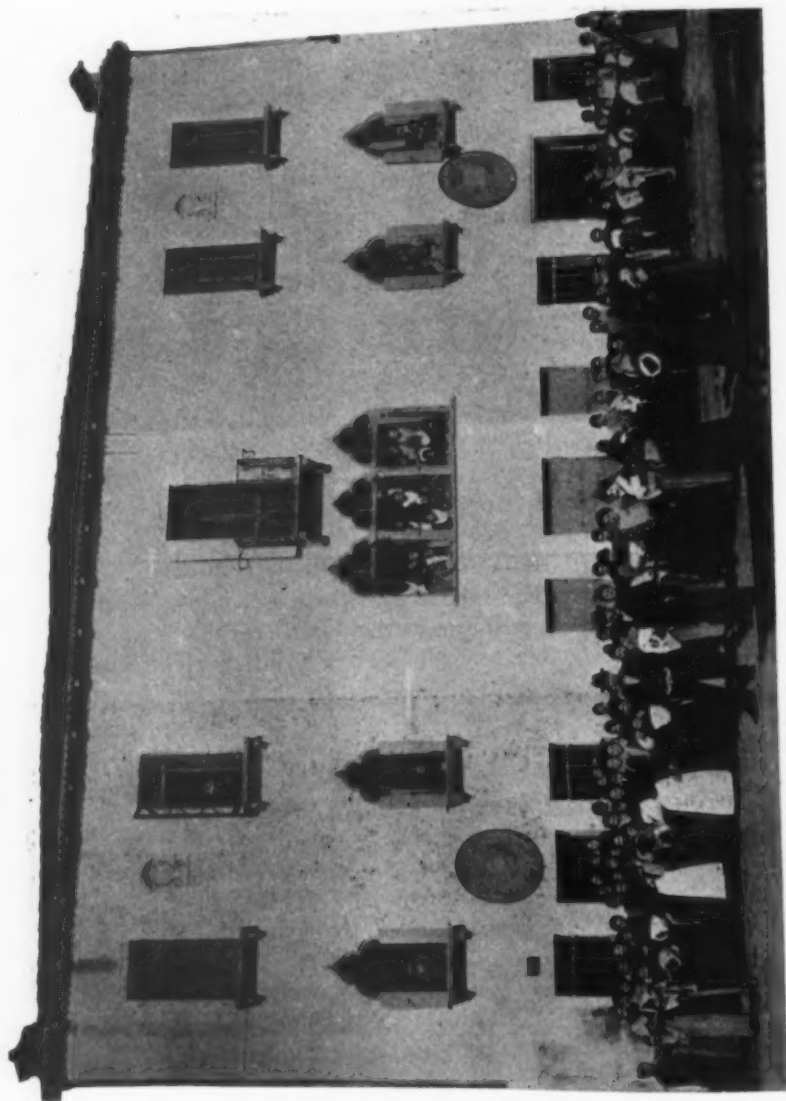
had some difficulty visiting the lace factories by myself. They keep spotters all over the city to convey the tourist to the shops. When you arrive your guide presses electric buttons at the lower door, and several times on the way up stairs. These light electric lamps and summon a suave dame who receives you. But they also, unless my instinct misleads me, announce the approach of Americans, and one of those electric buttons when pressed by the guide, raises the price of the lace. One day, after much maneuvering, I escaped the guides and went into a big shop behind St. Mark's. In a recent book on lace, the writer states regarding these very workers in Venice: "The girls are not allowed to talk because they get into mischief—but they may sing." On my way up stairs I expected to hear the song. Instead, a storm of chatter greeted my ears: the noise becoming Babel as I approached the room. Mentally reproaching myself for believing all I found in books, I entered. The girls politely reduced their chatter to a murmur. I looked about for the unhealthful conditions I had heard prevailed in these factories. I found a large, light, airy room, beautiful young girls, certainly happy at their work, and exquisitely clean. My one criticism was that there were too many of them for ideal conditions of sedentary labor. At Burano in the Royal Lace School under Queen Margherita's patronage, I found splendid conditions. The girls work from nine to twelve, and from two to four. The patterns are all dark colors. They wear clean cotton dresses and *dark* cotton aprons. Take note, feminine reader, you who put on a dazzling white apron when you sit down to fine work! It was my good fortune to see the girls come out at noon. They wear a cotton kerchief pinned over the head to keep their hair clean. Their shoes are simply a sole of wood held on by a leather strap over the instep. At every step, the wooden sole clicks on the street. As the girls poured out of the shop, the noise of their shoes reached us a block away, until the whole three hundred pairs of wooden soles clicking over the stone pavement produced in me much the same feeling as the musical rattle of hundreds of lace-bobbins. When I hear it blended with the soft voices of my girls, it suggests at once the combination of industry and the joy of youthful content. I was full



Fan: Leaf Point, from the Burano School



Rose Point, antique design, from the Burano School



Royal School of Lace-Making, Burano, Italy

Lacemakers

of theories when I went to Europe: my experience with the girls in our shop had been that lace-making first of all is a joy to the worker. It is a pursuit so refining, so enobling, that this fact alone is a plea for our industry in Boston. In Europe, my theories proved true. In the lace-making villages, the women are of superior type. They are never idle. Their manners and voices are gentle. Their work is a constant joy. Never did I find one who admitted it a strain upon the eyes. Do not believe all the constantly published paragraphs about lace-makers going blind in factories! The lace is no longer made under painful conditions—in damp cellars. Good lace-makers are valuable to their employers and skill is to be treasured, not abused. They do not work in dark rooms at all, but in upper stories of well-lighted and well-ventilated buildings. Personal cleanliness is essential at all times.

In Belgium, I found the wages less, since living is dearer. And I found the lace less interesting by far. Quantities of common *Duchesse* lace are produced for the American tourists. It is made mosaic fashion. All the flowers, leaves, and scrolls are made in tiny villages and sent to the factories to be put together. A family will make only roses for generations and another will make leaves. An agent collects these bits and takes them to the neighboring factory, be it Brussels, Ghent or Antwerp. Instead of an artist making a design and the lace-makers executing it, the artist makes his design out of the flowers and scrolls brought to the factory. The results are atrocious. Natural roses with layers of petals, scrolls which begin but go nowhere in particular, flounces in which every portion of the design stands up aggressively, and suggests in no way the pendant character of the lace. Oh, it is all so hopelessly bad, both bobbin and point lace! And the Americans are responsible. They run after mere prettiness of detail, pretty roses that "look so natural." Some of the point lace is very fine and beautiful in execution. But what is the first thing in rare lace to attract one? It should be the pattern. Lace to be valuable need not be excessively fine. Belgian laces in minuteness of detail seem to warp the judgment of many into thinking them superior to all others. But the Venetians with their faithful reproduction

Lacemakers

of old designs that suggest in no way natural flowers, are far in advance of all other nations at present.

My disappointment in Belgium was great. One thing comforted me and that was my visit to the *Béguinage* of St. Elziabeth in Ghent. A *Béguinage* is a settlement of single women. There are several in Belgium and some in Holland. The women are self-supporting. They pay into the treasury each year a fixed sum of money. The vow they take upon entering the community is not irrevocable, but few ever care to go back into the world. Young girls, orphans largely, enter a sort of convent school until they are old enough to do some kind of work intelligently; then they are allowed to go to live two or four together in one of the little houses which line the streets in blocks. When we approached our *Béguinage* in Ghent, we found it surrounded by a high brick wall. We knocked at the gate and were admitted by the portress: a genial Flemish woman in white coif and dark blue gown. I asked in American French to be directed to the lacemakers. She replied in Flemish French that they were in number 115. The settlement appeared similar to the Yale campus before the old brick dormitories were demolished. Churches and schools occupy the center, surrounded by grass and old trees. The place is two hundred years old at the least. Our way led to the left, down a street between low blocks of brick houses separated from the street by gardens with high white-washed garden walls of stone. Each house was numbered and had the name of its patron saint on the gate. We saw one of the sisters standing near a pretty Flemish girl working on a cushion cover. We asked her in French for No. 115. With a smile at my husband, she said: "Id iss foorder up." At last we found it and knocked loudly. A slide opened in the gate and there appeared an eye, part of a large nose, and a bit of white coif. The gate opened and we were admitted. We asked for lace. The owner of the eye and the large nose invited us into the house, which was a clean, trim little place, with stone floor and white washed ceilings. The walls were tinted blue. The sister produced her wares: all *Duchesse* lace. Then she brought out a mirror, and began to dress me up in collars, cuffs and *fichus* with so engaging a manner that

Lacemakers

I found myself buying recklessly. She was French, while her three companions in the house were Flemish. One cooks for the family and we saw her pan of biscuit in the oven in the kitchen later. It was a sight to make us forget lace and remember how hungry we could be. A third sister does sewing, and a fourth is a nurse: truly an unique household in a settlement of industrious women.

I came away from my experience among the European lacemakers with great satisfaction, and full of confidence in our endeavor at home. I was still surer that those bright Boston girls with their adaptability, their devotion, their sweet loyalty to their work which they know to be experimental, would accomplish our purpose at no distant day.

WORK OUT YOUR MISSION. HE WHO APPLIES HIMSELF
TO AUGHT ELSE THAN THE REALIZATION OF THIS
END, LOSES IN LIVING THE *RAISON D'ÊTRE* OF LIFE.

CHARLES WAGNER
THE SIMPLE LIFE



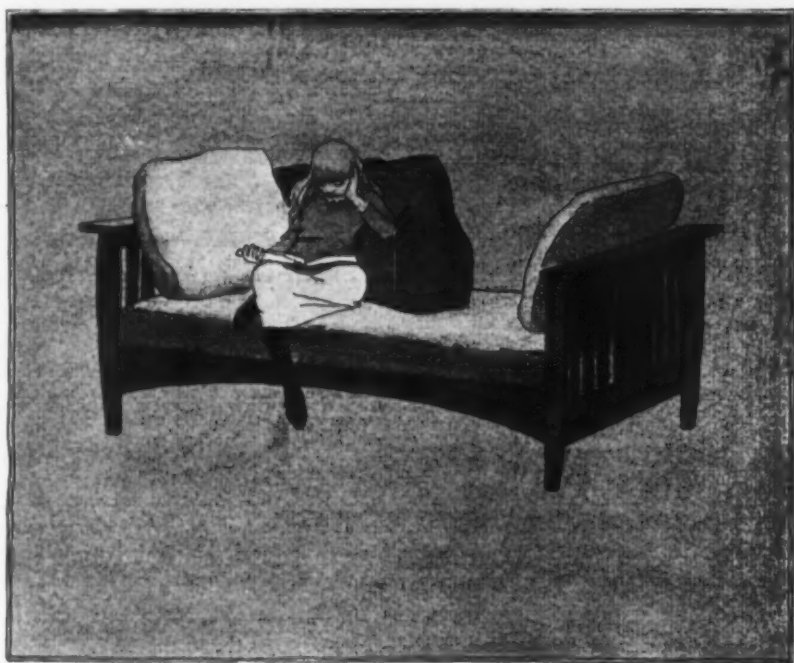
In the Children's World

ONE of the most earliest and strongest of the desires of children is that of possession. It has, of course, a barbarous and selfish side, if it be not carefully trained and directed. On the other hand, it may become a means of development and education. It may be beautiful and pathetic in its manifestation. The idea of "something to call one's own" is as strong at the age of five or of ten as at thirty or sixty. The difference lies not in the feeling experienced, but only in the nature of the objects coveted. A doll to the child is the equivalent of a fortune to the woman. The leadership in a game may represent to the boy all the power and dignity that the control of a trust expresses to a man.

In pursuance of this train of reasoning, which is surely correct and logical, it is well, both as an educative measure, and as a source of innocent pleasure which makes for the well-being of children, to give them, as far as the family resources permit, their own apartments fully appointed, just as they are of necessity given their garments, their books and their toys. Such gifts will be appreciated and put to good use by the recipients. Children have a well-defined sense of proportion. The words "little" and "large" are constantly upon their lips. They delight in comparisons between themselves and their elders, as to stature, strength, and all other personal attributes. They habitually juxtapose what is great

In the Children's World

and what is small. On entering a room frequented by children, one often remarks a toy piano at the foot of the real instrument, or a baby's seat placed at the side of a grandfather's armchair. It is the "play-impulse," that is, the desire to imitate, which generates all these interesting little acts. It is the imagination at work, building up a miniature scheme of life. Therefore, to employ the child without fatiguing him is the best means to provide for his natural, healthful and gradual development.



With this purpose, The Craftsman presents a series of pieces of cabinet work designed for the use of children, presenting certain unusual features and, as it would seem, calculated to excite and hold their interest.

The bedstead first claims attention. It is absolutely simple, telling by its structural lines what may be called the story of its

In the Children's World

building and its uses. This is as it should be, since children retreat and are disheartened before complications. They need guidance, whether through the crowded streets, the mazes of form, the beginnings of study or along the way of life. One principle prevails. They must be assisted to see and to understand. They should be surrounded by simple things, just as they are first taught simple



words; just as they advance from the most simple to the more complicated processes in the care of themselves and in learning their lessons.

In the Children's World

Having, for the reasons given, accentuated the element of simplicity, the designer of the bedstead here illustrated, next provided that element of satisfaction which comes through picture and story. This resides in the tapestry frieze which presents suggestions borrowed from an ancient legend originally found in the Talmud and thence incorporated into ecclesiastical art. The legend relates that the arch-angels Michael, Raphael and Gabriel are appointed to care for the human race: Michael being the defender, Raphael the gentle guide. Conformably to this legend a prayer of the Jewish liturgy, still in use, recognizes the functions of the angels. The apocryphal Book of Tobit also glorifies the power of Raphael in the story of the bridegroom and the fish. This story, in turn, became the subject of a picture by Raphael, the great painter of the Renaissance. Still later, Guercino, of the school of Bologna, treated the same theme in his canvas of the Boy and the Angel, now at Fano, Italy, which Robert Browning described in exquisite verse. The subject, as here treated, shows a group of the two angels and the child, placed above



In the Children's World

the footboard of the bedstead, while a symbolic representation of the firmament studded with stars reaches about the sides, on each of which appears a cartouche bearing one of the two descriptive stanzas:

Two angels guard all children well:
The name of one is Raphael,
He gives his hand so kind, so strong,
To lead them far from harm and wrong.
The other angel, Michael, keeps
Above each little one that sleeps
His shield and sword, both shining bright,
Throughout the dark and lonely night.

The tapestry is wrought upon linen in the manner of the pieces previously described in *The Craftsman*, except that the designs, exclusive of the cartouches, are inserted, instead of being applied upon the surface of the linen forming the background: to the end that the picture may be seen by the child lying in its bed. The color scheme of the tapestry is one easily composed from the range of color now obtainable in the fabrics recommended. The back-



ground shows the nameless hue approaching dull yellow peculiar to unbleached fabrics. The bands representing the sky are gray blue and studded with white stars. The cloud surrounding the child is tan-color; the halos are lemon yellow; the sword of St. Michael and the flame beneath his feet are orange; the shield of the same figure is slate-

In the Children's World

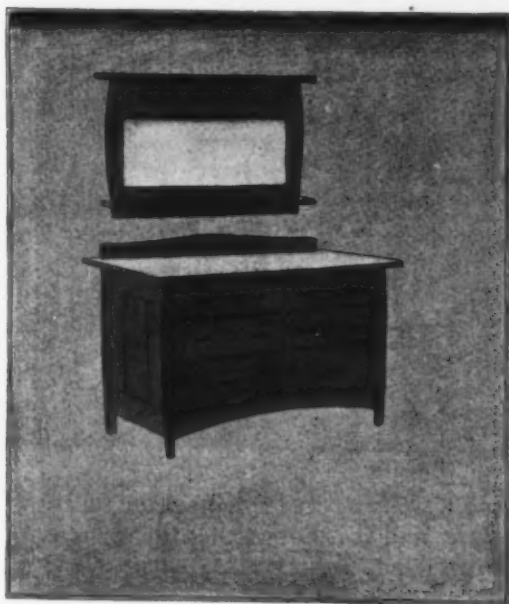
color, while the wings, robes and hair of the angels form a chord of blue: a light shade for the wings, Prussian blue for the garments and slate-blue for the hair.

It must be added that the dwarf "four-poster" is left open at the top, with a four-inch rail laid flat and slightly projecting over the sides. Also, that the posts, straight upon the inside, have upon the outside a subtle, almost imperceptible swell. The otherwise plain headboard is relieved by the motto: "Be my Guest, Sleep and Rest," burned into the wood. The footboard is left plain, a variation of solid and open spaces being made by the slats, with the note of irregularity introduced by the wide middle piece. A like arrangement is to be observed in the ends of the divan.

Among the remaining pieces, the screen is one of the most interesting. It is made with an oaken frame rabbetted out to receive an inner frame of white wood. It is covered with strong canvas over which is again placed an imported linen fabric. Upon

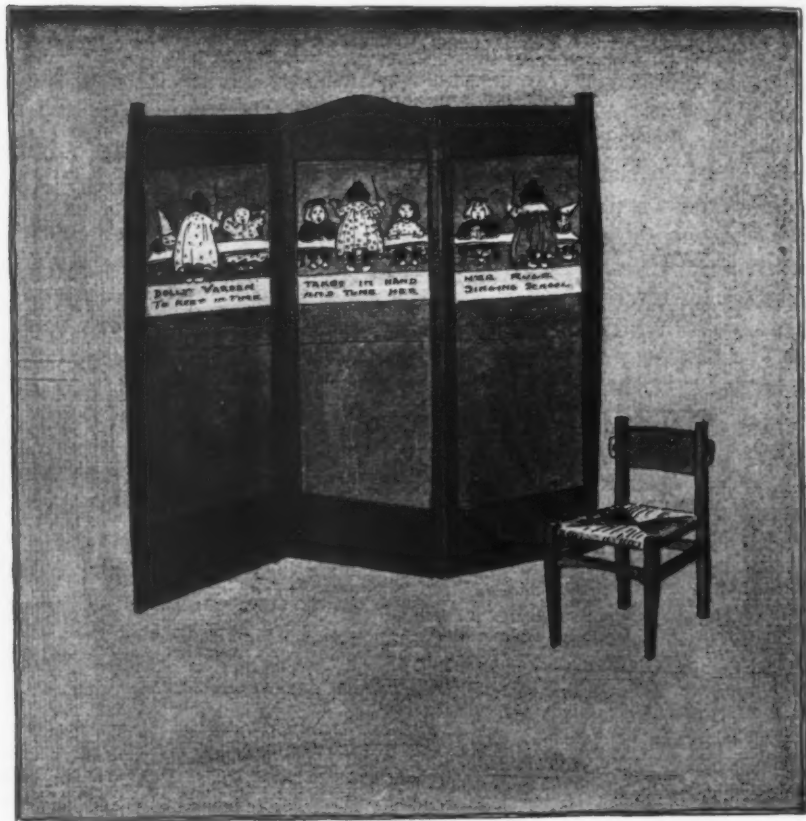
the latter the designs and lettering are applied in harmonious colors of the same material, the outlining being done with linen thread.

The mirror is most pleasing by reason of its curves and proportions. It should be an object lesson to the child in line and harmony. It is suspended from the wall by metal chains, which in themselves are a strong decorative feature. Its top projects like a cornice over the face, but should not be



In the Children's World

used as a base for ornaments; the legend, "Smiling Faces I Invite; Tears and Frowns Distress my Sight," which appears in plain Roman capitals upon the upper horizontal piece of the frame, being judged as the only necessary decoration.



The divan, bookcase and writing desk supplement the ideas expressed in the pieces described, and it is hoped that the series will attract the attention of educators and solicitous parents for whom it has been specially and thoughtfully prepared.

Art Notes

DURING the last few days of July the beautiful old river-village of Deerfield, Massachusetts, was a place of pilgrimage for the enthusiasts of the Arts and Crafts movement. The occasion was the annual exhibit of the various handicraft organizations there located: such as the work of the Society of Blue and White Needlework; of the Rugmakers; of the Palm-Leaf and Pocumtuck Basketmakers; also, metal work and enamels by Mrs. Wynne; hand-made furniture, weaving and dyes; and a collection of the photographs of the Misses Allen.

Among the Crafts of Deerfield, the Society of Blue and White Needlework is one of the most interesting as well as the oldest, having been established in 1896. It was founded to revive the household embroideries which were brought to Massachusetts Bay by the early colonists, and which followed the English tradition of design until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Society dyes its own materials according to the old processes in indigo, madder and fustic; each piece of the fabric bearing the device of the organization, after the custom of the mediaeval guilds. The needlework is regarded by the Society as an art to be practised and perfected within its own limits, and therefore the management neither holds classes nor sells designs or materials.

Another interesting industry is the production of netting: a handicraft not purely feminine, handed down from Colonial times, when the various forms under which it appeared received ro-

mantic names, such as "Moonlight," or "Matrimony" stitch; the former used in bed-testers and stand-covers; the latter in wedding caps and dinner table covers.

A further important section of the Deerfield movement is constituted by the photographs of the Misses Allen, who treat artistically the life of the village in open air scenes, in character and costume studies; all portraits being taken in either the rooms of the Allen house, or at the homes of the subjects, and never under the falsifying conditions of the skylight.

At the recent annual exhibition of the Richmond Indiana Art Association, an interesting collection of book bindings was arranged by Miss Esther Griffin White, who will be remembered by the readers of *The Craftsman* for her article upon Western bookplates, published in the May issue of the magazine.

The collection shown comprised about seventy-five books, the majority of the bindings coming from the workshops of well-known Americans. The minority consisted of English bindings, loaned by Mr. George D. Smith of New York, prominent among which were Symonds' "Wine, Women and Song," bound by Zaehnsdorf; Smollett's "Plays and Poems," London, 1777, bound by Rivière, and a small volume from the famous "Guild of Women Binders."

The examples of American work were beautifully and technically remarkable: several bindings by Miss Sophia Prat, now deceased, having received prizes at exhibitions in this country as well as

Book Reviews

abroad. The sister of this lady, Miss Mary Rosina Prat of New York, also contributed a number of beautiful books.

Leather mosaic, or as it is now termed, "Viennese inlay," was represented by three exquisite specimens, the work of Ralph Randolph Adams, and lent by the New York book collector, Mr. Preston Perry.

Miss Starr of Hull House, Chicago, and her pupil, Mr. Verburg, contributed thirteen books, the work of the latter joining delicately imaginative design to perfection of workmanship.

Miss Emily Preston of New York, the widely known pupil of Cobden-Sanderson, sent two charming bindings,

and the early work of Miss Evelyn Nordhoff was represented by a fine specimen. Miss Marguerite Lahey of Brooklyn showed beautiful work in gold tooling and inlay, and Miss Evaleen Stein an interesting piece of illumination.

Miss Florence Foote, not represented by her personal work, contributed by proxy through her pupils, Miss Hart and Miss Sterling, the latter displaying effective blind tooling.

Altogether this exhibition of the binder's craft must be ranked as one of the most important ever made in the Western States, and Miss White is to be congratulated for her energy and her success.

Book Reviews

"THE ENJOYMENT OF ART"
by Carleton Noyes.

At the end of the preface to this little book one finds the locative and date: "Harvard College, December tenth, 1902." The name of the great institution of learning is quite superfluous here as a mark of location; since any reader with a knowledge of the spirit and courses of the University could not fail to attribute the essays to one of her typical and loyal sons. The literary flavor of the writing reflecting "the sweet serenity of books" is unmistakable. And it is pleasant for one long since removed from that scholastic environment and influence to meet in quotation all his old favorites. For even de Sénancour with his jonquil appearing in "French XCIX," is not wanting.

The purpose of the book as acknow-
500

ledged by its author, is "to set forth in simple, untechnical fashion the nature and the meaning of a work of art." The arguments used are good, logical and honest. They grew out of impressions received by a young man, fresh from his university studies, who found himself in Europe, helpless and confused in presence of its art treasures. They have, therefore, the worth of a personal record. Culture, kindness, the New England desire to learn, to prove and to profit by opportunity give value to the book. And if similar work has been done by more brilliant critics, the essays have yet a place and a mission in the world of literature. Passages worthy to be remembered occur not infrequently, and among such the following is to be remarked:

"A familiar illustration of the twin

Book Reviews

need and delight of expression may be found in the handiwork produced in the old days when every artisan was an artist. It may be, perhaps, a key which some craftsmen of Nuremberg fashioned. In the making of it he was not content to stop with the key which would unlock the door or the chest. It was his key, the work of his hands; and he wrought upon it lovingly, devotedly, and made it beautiful, finding in his work the expression of his thought and feeling; it was the realization for that moment of his ideal. His sense of pleasure in the making of it prompted the care he bestowed upon it; his delight was in creation, in rendering actual a new beauty which it was given him to conceive." [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 101 pages. 5¼ by 8¼ inches. Price \$1.00.]

MEMORABLE IN THE MIDSUMMER MAGAZINES. The International Studio for August contains a most scholarly, critical article upon the French Impressionists by Wynford Dewhurst. It is written from a point of view and in a style that are too seldom found in the magazine and journalistic literature of the day. It has no flavor of the paid critic who expresses his hastily formed judgments in order to supply the printer with "copy," and to assure his cheque at the month's end. The article gives the story of the rise and development of the school of impressionism, defines the aim of the artistic body, and will go far toward turning the ridicule of many a misinformed reader into a desire

to understand the principles of the disciples of *la tache*. Indeed a copy of the Studio article would in itself constitute a guide-book to that room of the Luxembourg Palace, brilliant with many-colored canvases, from which the tourist of the old school turns away with undisguised horror. An article upon the work of the Parisian painter, Paul Alfred Besnard, is much less satisfactory. The table of contents also includes many illustrations of interesting portraits by Harrington Mann, with accompanying text, in which it is quite cleverly stated that the portrait style of Mr. Mann is sufficiently French to be admired by those whose tastes are purely Parisian; and sufficiently British to find for itself a place among the works of art of that people.

Brush and Pencil for August is a number commemorative of the artist Whistler, containing estimates of the American-born genius, as an etcher, a painter, and a man; the text being illustrated with reproductions of etchings and paintings carefully chosen from his representative works; among the most interesting being "La Vieille aux Loques," the figure of an old woman seated, seen in profile and surrounded by piles and sacks of rags. This issue of Brush and Pencil is valuable as a collection of facts regarding an artist of great importance, and the brochure will undoubtedly have permanent value as a source of reference.

The most valuable article in Harper's Magazine for August is Brander Matthews' "Foreign Words in English

Book Reviews

Speech." It should be read by writers, students, and all who aspire to be conversationalists. It is a plea against affectation, and were it heeded to the degree that it deserves, we should hear about us less French, German and Italian, for the most part execrably pronounced, and introduced into our language without justification. Professor Matthews' article is an oasis in the summer desert of fiction and sentences like those about to be quoted afford real refreshment to readers scorched with the fervent heat of love-dialogue. "The true scholar knows his own language, and does not quarrel with his tools. Possessing his own speech, he is able to make that accomplish his purpose without the aid of foreign allies." An article of such worth it would seem ungrateful to criticise, were it ever so slightly. But as it was true that Jupiter nodded, so all wise men, since his time, have, at some moment, been caught napping. Professor Matthews shuts one eye at least to the truth when he says "*Opera*, which was a Latin plural, has become an English singular, of which the plural is *Operas*." A portion of this statement can not be contradicted. The word quoted is a Latin plural, but it did not pass from this form directly into the English. From the Latin neuter plural it became a feminine singular in Italian (owing to its terminal vowel *a*) and following this intermediate state it

entered English as a singular substantive. Another slight inaccuracy occurs when Professor Matthews speaks of certain foreign words which linger along the borders of our language. Of these he says: "Their position is *pitiful* and anomalous:" the first adjective being certainly a slip of the pen, since the word in question can not be *filled with pity*, but rather provocative of that sentiment, and therefore *pitiable*.

The Forum for July-September contains two authoritative articles upon subjects of present interest and moment. These are found under the titles: "How shall the College Curriculum be Reconstructed," by Professor Ladd of Yale University, and "Kishineff," by Professor Richard Gottheil of Columbia University. In the first of these articles there occurs the strong statement that "the snare and disgrace of the American college at the present time is that, in so large a proportion of cases, its courses are indefinitely varied and attractive on paper, but are so largely impracticable, unnecessary and relatively worthless in fact." The second article is a scholarly presentation of the causes which led up to the Jewish massacre which blots the history of the Christian year 1903. It is full of pathos unstained by bitterness, and vibrates with hope of that time when "Judah shall be saved and Israel dwell in safety."

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INDEX
THE CRAFTSMAN

Volume IV



Index to Vol. IV of The Craftsman

	PAGE		PAGE
Academy, Royal, of Graphic Arts and Bookbinding of Leipsic.....	245	Bedroom Furniture, "Recent English Models for"..... (J. S. Henry)	204
Adirondack Camp, An... (Harvey Ellis)	281	Belknap, Henry W.....	178
Alexander the Great.....	149	Bernhardt, Carl.....	97
Alfred, N. Y., State School of Clay Working and Ceramics at.....	161	Bewick.....	105
Alfred University.....	162	Binns, Charles F.....	156, 160, 303
Alma-Tadema, Mrs.....	299	Blanc, M. Chas.....	250
Amelia, Queen (Patroness of Ceramic Art).....	337	Blanchard, Adelaide M.....	165
Amphorae.....	150	Blashfield, Mr.....	60
Andrews, Charlton, see "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	96	Bookplates: "Some Indiana" (Esther Griffin White)	93
Animal, The talking, in Literature.....	375	"Bookplates of To-Day" (W. C. Bowdoin)	93
Antony and Cleopatra.....	44	Book Reviews..... (Irene Sargent)	63, 143, 221, 306, 395, 500
Applied Arts, Bromsgrove Guild of.....	101	Boston, Beautifying of.....	23
Architecture, Originality in.....	1	Boutet de Monvel.....	196
Art Fittings Company of Birmingham, England.....	82	Bowdoin, W. C.....	93
Art Notes: (Louise C. Chard).....	59, 141	Bowles, Mr. J. M., Mrs., See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	95
(Irene Sargent).....	499	Bragdon, Claude Fayette.....	338, 478
Art Nouveau, L'... 58, 102, 178, 189, 241, 337		Browning, Robert.....	35, 53
An Argument and Defence (Jean Schopfer, translated by Irene Sargent).....	229	Home Thoughts from Abroad... 15	
Positive Principles of.....	236	Simple Beauty, Idea of.....	8
Arts and Crafts, A Recent Exhibition of (Irene Sargent)	69	Burns.....	35
Arts and Crafts Movement.....	101	Burnett, Swan M., M. D.....	348
Art Periods:		Burne-Jones.....	50, 52
Chinese.....	61	Cabinet: 370; Book Cabinets.....	390, 396
Elizabethan and Jacobean..	58	Cambridge.....	127
French.....	415	Candlestick Maker, A (Douglas Van Denburgh)	384
Gothic, Romanesque, Greek	232	Carlton, Mrs. Emma. See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	99
Japanese.....	61, 238, 348	Carpenter, Edward.....	125
Ashbee, Mr.....	230	Carson, Misses.....	83
As you Like it.....	40	Cartel Béranger.....	229
Atlantis, New.....	120	Carvings, Chinese, Japanese.....	61
Austrian Secession Movement.....	58	Cathedral, Amiens.....	53
Bailey, Henry Turner.....	62, 77	Cathel, Rev. J. E., See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	97
Baker, Dr. Edwin Atlee.....	155	Céladon.....	419
Barnum, Misses.....	83	Cellini, Benvenuto.....	105
Bastien-Lepage.....	190	Centennial of 1876.....	72, 331
Bedroom, A Child's.....	285	Ceramics in Cincinnati.....	329

	PAGE		PAGE
Cervantes	124	Decorators, Japanese; Mediaeval.....	8
Chandeliers	6	Delft	164
Chapel, A Summer..... (Harvey Ellis)	401	Delight, The Soul of Art	
Chard, Louise C.....	61	(Arthur Jerome Eddy)	8
Children's World, In the.....	492	Denmark, Frederick VII. King of.....	33
Chinese Pots and Modern Faience		Dennett, Mary Ware.....	258
(Irene Sargent)	415	Derbyshire	11
Chippendale	58	Dietrich, E. G. W.....	57, 84
Christian, Edna McGillard. See "Some		Diogenes	149
Indiana Bookplates".....	96	Door, Treatment of the.....	5, 7
Ciani, A.....	60	Draperies, Craftsman Design for..	387
Clay, Education in... (Charles F. Binns)	160	Drama, The, Aristocratic Tendency of...	36
Building in (Charles F. Binns)	303	Dressing Cabinet, A man's.....	267
Club, Cincinnati Pottery.....	332	Dwelling, A Simple..	
Cobden-Sanderson	66	(Claude Fayette Bragdon)	478
Cochrane, William.....	82	Ecole des Beaux Arts.....	231, 234
Coffroth, Miss Besse. See "Some Indiana		Eggleston, Edward, See "Some Indiana...	
Bookplates"	98	Bookplates"	94
Concerning Classical Knowledge (Hegel)	100	Eggers, Fraulein.....	330
Copeland, Miss Elizabeth.....	180	Electric Lighting.....	103
Coriolanus. See "Shakespeare's Working		Eliot, Charles.....	23
Classes"	107	Elizabeth, Queen.....	37
Corregio	26, 64	Elliott, William H. See "Some Indiana	
Correspondence, Critical.....	58, 138	Bookplates"	98
Cottage, An English Villager's, Grounds		Ellis, Harvey.....	269, 281, 313, 401
of..... (Arthur A. Shurtleff)	9	Embroidery: Bromsgrove Guild.....	105
Cottage Quality, The.....	57	"Cross-stitch"	
Cottman, George. See "Some Indiana		(Mary W. Strickland)	197
Bookplates"	98	Emery, Herbert C. See "Some Indiana	
Cover Designs, Twentieth Century.....	66	Bookplates"	98
Craftsman: Building	83	"Everyman"	49
Influence of Environment on		Exhibition: Arts and Crafts, Syracuse,	
the.....	9	N. Y.....	69, 181
The Perfect Craftsman.....	137	Society of Fine Arts, London.	197
Craftsmanship versus Intrinsic Value		"Exposition Idea".....	74, 76
(F. Walter Lawrence)	181	Expositions: Centennial of 1876.....	72
Crane, Walter.....	185, 190, 196	Columbian	73
Crewe, England, Exhibition at.....	158	Leipsic	242
Crosby, Ernest.....	35, 65	Louisiana Purchase.....	61
Curtains and Coverlet.....	288	Pan-American	73
Cymbeline	122, 426	Paris, 1900.....	106
Dalton, Mr. Test, See "Some Indiana		Turin	241
Bookplates"	96	Façade, Conception of the.....	2, 5
Dampit, M.....	230	Faience	155
Darwin	240	Falize, Mr.....	244
Day, Mr. Lewis F.....	293	Falstaff, Sir John.....	37
Deck, Theodore.....	165	Federation, New York Fine Arts.....	61

	PAGE		PAGE
Feine, M.....	3	Greenaway, Kate.....	185
Fireplace, A Family.....	201	Greene, Robert.....	35
Fisher, William Edgar, See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	93	Greenleaf, Miss Grace, Miss May, See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	97
Forest, Grib.....	33	Gresham, Sir Thomas.....	35
Forsyth, William, See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	98	Gross, Professor, Dresden School, Methods of.....	246
Foulke, William D. See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	97	Guignol (Punch and Judy).....	188
Frackleton Blue and Gray.....	153	Haddon Hall.....	11
Francis I.....	21	Hainau, Royal Academy of, Design of... ..	246
Francis, Saint, of Assisi.....	189	Hall, United Crafts, Syracuse, N. Y.....	61
Frazer, Miss Anna E. See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	96	Hamlet, See "Shakespeare's Working Classes".....	118
Fredericksburg Castle, Island of Sjaelland.....	32-34	Hamlin, Prof. A. D. F.....	229
French Art for French Children (Irene Sargent).....	185	Hampden, John.....	119
French, George.....	67	Handicraft Shop, Boston.....	83
Frieze, Description of.....	289	Ancient Swedish.....	365
Furniture, Children's.....	192-196	Movement.....	387
Gaillard, M.....	456	Harrison, Frederic.....	67
Gainsborough.....	26	Hasselman, Miss Anna, See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	98
Garbett, Edward Lacy.....	139	Hegel, "Concerning Classical Knowledge".....	100
Garden and Park..... (Eugene Schoen)	16	Hengest, Hélène de.....	337
Gardening, Landscape (Joachim Reinhard)	26	Henry IV.....	39
Gardens: Boboli.....	25	V.....	38, 41
Denmark.....	32	VI.....	39, 109
Dutch.....	20	VIII.....	38, 118
English.....	19, 20	See "Shakespeare's Working Classes".....	
French.....	20	Hews, Abraham.....	154
Italian.....	16	Hodge, J. Samuel.....	66
Japanese.....	169	Hoitsu.....	364
Luxembourg.....	186	Hokusai.....	358
Namikawa, at Tokio.....	171	Holbein.....	105
Count Okuma's.....	170	Holly, White, An artistic Use of.....	369
Zoological and Botanical.....	24	Home-Thoughts from Abroad (Robert Browning).....	15
Gérôme.....	149	Hôtel de New York.....	2
Gewölbe, Grüne.....	181	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.....	95
Gilbert, Cass.....	61	House, Craftsman: (E. G. W. Dietrich and Gustav Stickley).....	84, 202, 207
Mr. Walter.....	101	Design..... (Harvey Ellis)	269
Gilds: Bromsgrove.....	103	Urban House..... (Harvey Ellis)	313
Florentine, Flemish.....	74	Housekeeping in Miniature.....	192
Mediaeval.....	212	Hubbard, Elbert, See "Some Indiana Bookplates".....	98
Glantzberg, Misses.....	366		
Goethe.....	126		
Graul, Herr Richard.....	244		

	PAGE		PAGE
Hugo, Victor.....	239	Leather: Art of Tooling	
Huish, Mr. Marcus.....	197	(Katherine Girling) 298	
Improvement, Civic.....	78	Gilded or Cordovan	
Inferno (Dante) 50		(Mary Ware Dennett) 258	
Ingres 64		Leavitt, C. O., Jr.....	60
Interior, An..... (E. G. W. Dietrich) 57		Leinonen, K. F.....	83
Iron, Artistic Qualities of, Use of, in In-		Le Nôtre.....	21
dustrial Arts.....	134	Leonardo da Vinci.....	239
Jacobson, H.....	299	Leonardo da Vinci, Forerunner of Modern	
Japan, Art of.....	61	Science (Eugene Schoen) 460	
Jewelers, Artist.....	179	Liberty & Co., Messrs., London.....	58
Jewelry: Bromsgrove Guild 105		Library: Indiana State; Workman's In-	
and Enamels		stitute, at New Harmony, Richmond,	
(Henry W. Belknap) 178		Ind 100	
Joan of Arc.....	36, 39	Lighting: Electric 103	
Jones, George H., As a Craftsman.....	295	Decorative	
Julius Caesar, See "Shakespeare's Work-		(C. Sandford Freeman) 173	
ing Classes".....	107	London 84	
Kaolin, Deposits of, in U. S.....	152	Lorrain, Claude.....	26
Kayat, Ayeez.....	182	Losanti Ware.....	335
Kelmscott Chaucer.....	128	Louis XII; Louis XIV.....	21
Kelmscott Press.....	54	Louvre, The.....	21
Kent 26, 27		Lowell, Orson.....	61
Kenzan 361, 364		Low, John G..... 157, 417	
King John.....	118	Low Tile Company.....	159
King Lear.....	41	'Macbeth'.....	42
See "Shakespeare's Working Classes"		Mackail, J. W.....	54
Kin-Kakiyi, Gardens at.....	169	Mackay, William.....	60
Kingsley 52		"Magdalene, Reading".....	64
Knight of the Burning Pestle		Maine, Henry.....	240
(Beaumont and Fletcher) 36		Maison Bing, La Paris.....	82
Koehler, Mrs. F. H.....	179	Marquetry 104	
Konti, Isadore.....	60	Martin, M. Germain.....	61
Korin, and the Decorative Art of Japan,		McClure, William, See "Some Indiana	
(Swan M. Burnett, M. D.) 348		Bookplates" 100	
Koyetsu 357		McLaughlin, Miss M. Louise..... 331, 417	
Krieder, Noble W., See "Some Indiana		Merejkowski, Dmitri.....	475
Bookplates" 96		Merrill, Charles White, See "Some In-	
Kropotkin, Prince 240		diana Bookplates" 96	
A Chapter from.....	209	Merry Wives of Windsor.....	37
Lacemakers..... (Florence G. Weber) 485		Meurer, Herr.....	242
La Farge.....	417	Midsummer Night's Dream.....	37
Lalique, M. René..... 1, 105, 178, 183, 247, 452		Millard, Sarah Gilbert, See "Some In-	
Workshops and Residence of		diana Bookplates" 97	
(Tristan Destere, translated by		Miller, Harry I. See "Some Indiana Book-	
Irene Sargent)..... 1-8		plates" 97	
"Last Supper, The" (Leonardo da Vinci) 463		Milton 35	

	PAGE		PAGE
Millett, Mr. F. D.....	157	Potteries, Rookwood.....	60
Monet	64	Merrimac	248
Montaigne	120	Pottery, Colors and Glazes of (Mr. Nickerson)	249
More, Sir Thomas.....	120, 124	Poussin	26
Morelli	64	Preissler, Professor, Dresden School,	
Morris, William.. 57, 58, 102, 126, 132, 348, 351		Methods of.....	245
"A recent study of" (Elizabeth		Pre-Raphaelite Movement.....	50
Luther Cary; review by Irene		ism	83
Sargent).....	49	Puss in Boots, An Old Myth in New	
William Morris as I Knew Him		Dress	371
(Arthur Stringer).....	126	Rainsbottom, I. G.....	59, 139
Morris Society, The.....	393	Raphael	64
Morris & Co.....	54, 130	Reid, Robert.....	60
Museum, National Historical, Denmark..	32	Renascence, The.....	4, 16, 25, 104, 232
Nature in a City Park (Charles M. Skinner)	34	Dutch	32
Nauman, Professor, Dresden School,		Italian	64, 460
Methods of.....	245	Richard II.....	41
Newman	52	Riley, James Whitcomb, See "Some In-	
New York City, Gardens and Parks of..	24	diana Bookplates".....	95
Nicholas, Mrs. Maria Longworth.....	333	Ritsuo	364
Nickerson, Mr., Colors and Glazes ob-		Rogers, Bruce, See "Some Indiana Book-	
tained by.....	248	plates"	95
Nurseries in homes of rich and poor....	192	Rosa, Salvator.....	26
Owen, Robert Dale, See "Some Indiana		Rossetti	50
Bookplates"	100	Rothe, M.....	33
Oxford	127	Rugs, Donegal.....	87
Palais, Grand (Exposition, Paris).....	2	Rowsley, Little, Village of; Craftmanship	
Paracelsus	239	in; Building, Grounds, etc.....	11-13
Parks: Bronx, Prospect, in New York...	24	Royal Academy of Graphic Arts, Leipzig	245
Central	24, 29, 31	Ruskin	126, 139
Parsons, Samuel.....	29	Salon, A Minor French.. (Irene Sargent)	450
Parsons, Samuel, Jr.....	32	Samplers, Old.....	199
Paste, Hard, Soft.....	156	Sargent, Irene	
Peasant Industry, A Russian.....	291	1, 49, 62, 69, 149, 185, 229, 239, 248, 328, 415	
Peckham, Miss Mary.....	179	Schoen, Eugene.....	16, 460
Peddle, John B. See "Some Indiana Book-		School: Art-Crafts, Dresden	245
plates"	98	Art, Crafts and Mechanics, Mag-	
Pitman, Mr. Ben.....	330	debourg	245
"Plant in Decoration, The" (Translated		School of Book Decoration, Leip-	
from the French with added comments		zig	246
by Irene Sargent).....	239	Schopfer, M. Jean.....	229
Plaster, Use of, in decoration.....	104	Service, The Sacrifice of... (Leo Tolstoi)	48
Pond, Theodore Hanford.....	62	Shakespeare	35
Porcelain, Definition of.....	155	Shakespeare's Working Classes	
Potters and Their Products		(Ernest Crosby) 35, 107	
(Irene Sargent) 149, 248, 328		Caste Prejudices (Samuel Tannen-	
Chinese Pots and Modern Faience 415		baum, Reply to Ernest Crosby) 426	

	PAGE		PAGE
Sheldon, Frederick.....	66	Van Briggie, Mr. (Potter) Methods of	336, 418
Shelley	35	Van Denburgh, Douglas.....	384
Sheraton	58	Van Dyke, John C.....	63, 64
Shurtleff, Arthur A.....	9	Vases: For what used by ancients.....	149
Sidney, Sir. Philip.....	120	"Vase, Ali Baba,"	
Sketch Club, Indianapolis.....	96	(M. Louise McLaughlin)	333
Skinner, Charles N. "Nature in a City		Versailles	21
Park"	34	Villa: Italian	17, 19
Sleeping Beauty, The		Medici and Borghese.....	18
(Claude Fayette Bragdon)	338	Albani, Rome.....	17
Solon, M. Louis.....	155	Voris, William M. See "Some Indiana	
Sonnet: "The Craftsman"		Bookplates"	98
(R. Phebe A. Hanaford)	401	Voysey, Charles.....	369
Stations, Railway: Architecture of, Lyons;		Wallace, Gen. Lew, See "Some Indiana	
Orleans	2	Bookplates"	94
Steele: Miss Margaret, Mr. T. C., Mr.		Wall-Hangings, Craftsman.....	289
Brandt, Mrs. Brandt, See "Some In-		Weber, Florence G.....	485
diana Bookplates".....	95	Westminster Abbey.....	103
St. Gaudens.....	417	Wetherill, Dr. Richard B. See "Some In-	
Stickley, Gustav.....	59, 62, 81, 84, 369	diana Bookplates".....	95
Stoneware	153	White, Esther Griffin.....	93
Strickland, Mary W.....	197	White, Raymond, See "Some Indiana	
Stringer, Arthur.....	126	Bookplates"	98
Style, American.....	278	Whittington, Richard, History of.....	35
Tannenbaum, Samuel.....	426	Window, A Casement.....	205
Tempest, The.....	40, 120	Winter's Tale.....	42
See "Shakespeare's Working Classes"		Wolsey, Cardinal.....	35
Terra Cotta	154	Wood-engraving, Bromsgrove Guild....	105
Thresher, Brainerd B.....	82, 178	Wordsworth	35
Tiffany, Louis C.....	179, 451	"Work Ennobles"	133
Tiles, Low.....	157	Workmen, Shakespeare's.....	37, 38
Tolstoi, My Last Memory of,		Work, Resources in.. (Oscar Lovell Triggs)	168
(Alexandria Nicchia)	45	Workshops of M. René Lalique.....	1
Tuileries	21, 22	Wynne, Mrs. M. Y.....	179
Uptegrove, William E., Office Buildings		Yoshimitsie	169
of	279	Ziegler, M.....	251
Vallance, Aymer.....	54, 105		

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